The Outlook

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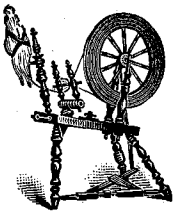

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1906

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American Intervention in Cuba

Convinced that it was impossible to bring about any kind of a reasonable compromise between the political factions in Cuba, Secretary Taft on Saturday of last week issued a proclamation taking possession of the island under the authority of the United States, with the declared purpose of restoring order, protecting life and property, and establishing permanent peace. This proclamation is of such paramount importance in the history of Cuba that The Outlook prints it here in its entirety:

To the People of Cuba: The failure of Congress to act on the irrevocable resignation of the President of the republic of Cuba or to elect a successor leaves the country without a government at a time when great disorder prevails, and requires that, pursuant to the request of Mr. Palma, the necessary steps be taken, in the name and by the authority of the President of the United States, to restore order and protect life and property in the island of Cuba and the islands and keys adjacent thereto, and for this purpose to establish therein a provisional government. The provisional government hereby established will be maintained only long enough to restore order, peace, and public confidence, by direction of and in the name of the President of the United States, and then to hold such elections as may be necessary to determine on those persons upon whom the permanent government of the republic should be devolved.

In so far as is consistent with the nature of a provisional government established under the authority of the United States, this will be a Cuban government, conforming with the Constitution of Cuba. The Cuban flag will be hoisted as usual over the government buildings of the island; all the executive departments and provincial and municipal governments, including that of the city of Havana, will continue to be administered as under the Cuban republic; the courts will continue to administer justice, and all the laws not in their nature inapplicable by reason of the temporary and emergent character of the government will be in force.

President Roosevelt has been most anxious to bring about peace under the constitutional government of Cuba, and he made every endeavor to avoid the present step. Longer delay, however, would be dangerous in view of the resignation of the Cabinet.

Until further notice, the heads of all the departments of the central government will report to me for instructions, including General Alexandro Rodriguez, in command of the rural guards and other regular Government forces, and General Carlos Roloff, Treasurer of Cuba.

Until further notice, the civil governors and alcaldes will also report to me for instructions.

I ask all citizens and residents of Cuba to assist me in the work of restoring order, tranquillity, and public confidence.

WILLIAM H. TAFT, Secretary of War,
United States Provisional Governor of Cuba.
Havana, September 29, 1906.

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The Necessity for Intervention

Summarized briefly, the reason for the necessity of American occupation was that all parties, including the insurgents in the field, preferred temporary American rule, under the distinct pledge already made by Secretary Taft that a fair election should be held and the men chosen to office should be sustained in power, rather than any considerable concession immediately to their opponents. Many propositions were made by would-be peace-makers or suggested by Secretary Taft and by Mr. Bacon, the Assistant Secretary of State, but without avail. President Palma and Vice-President Capote brought matters to a direct crisis by offering their resignations to a special session of the Cuban Congress, called for that express purpose, and by refusing to reconsider these resignations. President Palma's reason for this action, as given in his letter to Congress, was that the Executive had practically lost all authority against the rebels in consequence of the operation in the capital of an American Commission, "said to be one of peace," and that "it is absolutely

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impossible to accept the conditions which the said Commission proposes as the only means of terminating the rebellion." Congress, on its part, refused all suggestions looking to the election by its own body of a Provisional President under the constitutional powers of the Congress. This inaction and apparent apathy simply meant that the Moderate majority would rather accept American intervention than to have an independent Liberal made President, or to have any division of Cabinet offices between Moderates and Liberals. Throughout all of Secretary Taft's patient and exhausting efforts to reach a compromise it has been evident that there was no such patriotism among the political leaders as would induce them to make any kind of personal sacrifice for the general political good. It has been equally evident that the Cuban Government was powerless to deal with the insurrection vigorously, and that, barring compromise or intervention, there was nothing before Cuba but a prolonged and straggling guerrilla war. This would mean destruction of property, permanent injury to commercial interests, and a backward step in self-government that would be almost fatal. It was apparent as soon as Secretary Taft's proclamation was issued that there would be no serious resistance to American power. A disarmament commission was at once formed, at the head of which is General Funston; the Liberal leaders and insurgents are represented on the commission, which will oversee the disarmament and dispersal of the insurgents. The men will receive transportation and subsistence until they reach home, and the arms will be turned over to the commission. It is quite improbable that any considerable number of insurgents will resist, although possibly some small bands will enter upon a course of brigandage. A small force of American marines was landed from our war-ships at once to guard the treasury, and later on several hundred marines came on shore, most of whom were sent to Cienfuegos, where the feeling between insurgents and Government volunteers is very strong. Troops numbering between five and six thousand men have been ordered to Cuba, and will probably be landed at Havana by the end of this week. This is an eminently proper step, as the presence of a body of American troops is desirable for the purpose of preserving order and enforcing authority throughout the island. Elsewhere we discuss editorially the issues involved in the action of the United States in Cuba. The Outlook, in view of the serious importance to Americans of a clear knowledge of Cuban affairs, has sent a staff representative to Cuba. Mr. Harold J. Howland, the writer of the series of articles relating to the San Francisco earthquake, and of the article entitled "The Business Mayor of Scranton" in the October Magazine Number of The Outlook, arrived in Havana on Monday of this week, and will at an early date contribute special articles on Cuban affairs.

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Law Re-established

The race riots in Atlanta, Georgia, subsided by Tuesday of last week, and by Wednesday the city had regained its normal condition. The Mayor of the city did not set his face against mob violence with resolute earnestness. In a signed statement he said that as long as negroes committed the crime which served as an occasion for the riots, "just so long will they be unceremoniously dealt with." These are not the words of a strong man in a crisis. The city would not have suffered as it did suffer if the Mayor had had the temper of those Atlanta citizens who in mass-meeting expressed their opinions in unequivocal language. "Horrible crimes against women," they said, had aroused a "spirit of retaliation" which made "no discrimination between the innocent and the guilty." They declared that whereas "the first duty of any government is to protect life, liberty, and property, . . . crime breeds crime and lawlessness begets more lawlessness, . . . and the spirit of the mob engenders hatred, fans the flames of racial passion, and spreads the spirit of anarchy until the very foundations of government are shaken," they therefore solemnly protested "against the spirit of lawlessness," denounced "the

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cowardly and brutal murder of innocent people," deplored "the crimes of both races which have been committed by their worst elements," called upon the authorities "to crush anarchy" and "to spare no effort to put a stop to the assaults on our women." They furthermore asserted that the innocent rather than the guilty suffered from "the unrestrained effort of the mob to avenge the dastardly outrages that should be and must be punished by law," and declared it to be "the duty of our city to care for the sick and wounded of both races and to bury the dead." These vigorous words represent a sentiment which will be a mighty protection to the city in the future. The Grand Jury formally censured the afternoon newspapers, and specifically the Atlanta News, for their sensationalism in the treatment of the crimes charged against the negroes. This action of the Grand Jury leads the Atlanta Constitution, a morning paper not one of the culprits, to say that it did not pretend to have had an attitude "materially different from its afternoon contemporaries," and that in this matter "all Southern newspapers have erred;" and it inquires whether it is not time for all of them to begin anew in treating such reports in "a safe, sane, and sensible manner." This dignified demeanor and admirable spirit ought to be contagious. By unanimous action of the City Council all saloons of Atlanta were closed for several days, to be reopened only after new applications were made. The grasp which the law-abiding spirit has now upon the city of Atlanta is a sign of the real soundness of American democracy.

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Hughes vs. Hearst

In New York State the contest for the Governorship is between Mr. Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the Democratic nominee. The two party conventions were called to order on the same day, Tuesday of last week; the Republican at Saratoga, the Democratic at Buffalo. At the Saratoga Convention the majority of delegates represented the forces within the party which were opposed to the Republican State boss, ex-Governor Odell. The most conspicuous leader in the Convention was the man who had organized the revolt against the machine and had led it to victory, Mr. Herbert Parsons, the Chairman of the Republican County Committee for New York. At first there was uncertainty as to the outcome of the Convention. There were several possible candidates considered; but none of them was the candidate of any faction which was trying to gain control of the party. Mr. Odell's supporters were so thoroughly in the minority that they did not make any struggle. In the end the Convention by acclamation chose Mr. Hughes. The fact that several weeks ago Mr. Odell named Mr. Hughes as his choice has given opportunity for partisan papers to call Mr. Hughes's nomination an Odell victory. The fact that the same Convention which nominated Mr. Hughes deposed Mr. Odell from the State Chairmanship and deprived him of his political power in the State is sufficient answer to that claim. Mr. Hughes won a National reputation by his conduct of the Insurance Investigation. His fearlessness in uncovering iniquities, his keenness in conducting his inquisition, his clearness in stating the conditions, his sanity in directing the investigation to its proper end, and his constructive statesmanship in proposing remedies have won for him a respect which has been universally voiced and has been echoed even in the newspaper edited by his present opponent. The Republicans could not have made a stronger nomination than that of Mr. Hughes.

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The Murphy-Hearst Combination

The Democratic State Convention at Buffalo was at first the scene of a struggle for control between the Hearst and the anti-Hearst forces. Against Hearst were arrayed Mr. Jerome, District Attorney of New York, Mr. Adam, the reform Mayor of Buffalo, Mr. Osborne, former Mayor of Auburn, and other men whose opposition to boss rule and machine methods has been implacable. Against him also were Mayor McClellan and the delegations following

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his leadership, a vigorous minority in Tammany Hall. Mr. Hearst's newspapers affirm that the opposition also included representatives of privileged corporations with an abundance of money. In his favor were delegations from up the State, representatives of the party in manufacturing cities, and of the moribund Democratic organizations in many rural communities. Neutral delegations comprising the majority of the Tammany delegates were controlled by the boss of Tammany Hall. The Hearst forces had succeeded in gathering a sufficient number of contesting delegations to make Mr. Hearst's nomination sure if they were admitted. As soon as the Convention was assembled the struggle on the part of the Hearst forces to supplant anti-Hearst delegates with their own became tense. The anti-Hearst forces were disorganized; the Hearst forces acted like a trained army. The nomination of Mr. Hearst was conceded by practically every one when the Hearst forces got control of three most important committees. The New York American, Mr. Hearst's own paper, put the case with brutal frankness when it stated with the emphasis of italic type on its front page:

> The Committee on Credentials was organized by the Hearst forces, who selected Thomas F. Grady for Chairman.
>
> This is taken to indicate that the forty-five Hearst delegates, against whom contests have been commenced, will be seated.

The Committee threw out on inadequate grounds sixty anti-Hearst delegates who held certificates of election, among them the entire Queens County delegation, elected by a majority of over three thousand; and thus created a majority for Hearst. The Democratic Convention violated the fundamental principles of democracy. What arrangement was made between Murphy and the agents of Hearst has not been officially announced; it has not been the custom of Tammany bosses, however, to deliver votes without adequate *quid pro quo*. Whatever the price, Mr. Murphy threw his ninety-six votes in block for Mr. Hearst, and secured for him his nomination. In our editorial columns we let Mr. Hearst himself comment on this transaction.

The Situation in Philadelphia

The Philadelphia situation has been materially strengthened and straightened out by the events of the past ten days. The committee appointed by the City party Convention, after examining forty-three witnesses, unanimously reported that "the testimony found to be either true or doubtful when analyzed reveals, at most, attempted bribery by one delegate, to wit, Burns [who has since been bound over to appear at court to answer a criminal charge]; attempted bribery of one delegate by a person not connected with the Convention, . . . and the improbable story of the passage of ten dollars between unknown persons." Such changes of votes from one candidate to another as occurred were, the committee declared, the outcome of a perfectly legitimate interchange of views "between the delegates, and the usual political considerations which have weight in all conventions." After adopting this report and declaring that Mr. Gibboney's first nomination was "the honest conclusion of an honest convention," he was renominated by a majority of 202½ over F. J. Shoyer, the Mayor's candidate, and immediately accepted the nomination, declaring that if elected he would "know no friend or foe." What the effect of this second repudiation of his candidate will be upon Mayor Weaver it seems difficult to forecast, although there is a disposition to justify his course on the part of most of the newspapers. The Ledger, for instance, thus states the case: "While Mayor Weaver's hasty denunciation of the City party Convention is unsustained by evidence, no one can say that he was not justified in presenting his accusations. . . . From the beginning of his fight against the old organization he has been surrounded by selfish intriguers, who have schemed for political power through the control of municipal patronage. Two or three times his whole administration has been on the verge of shipwreck through the plots of these stranglers; but the Mayor's courage and determination have served him at the critical moment, and he has defeated them. When he sees the same men still active, still plotting, still opposing and abusing

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him, it is not wonderful that he speaks in anger, and acts with less than due deliberation." Whether he will retire permanently from any participation in political affairs remains yet to be disclosed, but his friends and supporters are declaring for Gibboney, and this is being construed as acquiescence in the results.

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The Primaries in New Jersey

The sweeping defeat in ten New Jersey counties of the so-called New Idea movement, of which Mr. Colby and Mayor Fagan are the most conspicuous leaders, is not as disheartening as might at first seem. The simple issue of reform within the party by the election of anti-boss delegates to Republican conventions was obscured in some places by local issues; was perplexingly mixed with the license question raised by the proposed law popularly called the Bishops' Law; and was impaired as to its genuineness by the doubt in many men's minds as to whether Mr. George L. Record (whose candidacy for the United States Senate as against Senator Dryden the Colby forces supported) was or was not the right kind of a man for the leader of an independent political movement. But the campaign was emphatically educative. It taught the young men who are fighting intrenched bossism in the Republican party how to marshal their forces, how to use the opportunities now presented by the open primary as opposed to the old secret caucus, how to avoid in the future unnecessary complications, and to fight strongly and singly on the issue selected. Mr. Colby himself, in commenting on the results of the primary, summed the whole situation up by saying: "We do not look upon the results of Tuesday's primaries as a failure, but rather as a victory for the New Idea forces. One of the cardinal principles of the New Idea is to educate the people of New Jersey to go to the primaries and express their choice for candidates and leaders; and when you look at the large number of Republicans who went to the primaries on Tuesday, you will see that our campaign has not been in vain."

Church and State in France

Two articles which have recently appeared in the French press deserve mention because they are significant of the spirit of France since the Pope's denunciation of the law to separate Church and State, a law which requires every religious body to be registered by the Government as an "association cultuelle." The first appeared on August 20 in the reactionary religious paper La Croix, and was presented in the form of a dialogue between a country priest and one of his parishioners. The parishioner did not understand why the Pope should condemn the law, since the French Government only asked submission to the general law of association, whether secular or religious. The priest replied:

> What would you think of your children if they accepted the gift of a farm or a field on condition that they should recognize no longer your paternal authority, that they should deny it? Well, the Government has, as its members acknowledge, left the Pope, our father, our chief, outside its deliberations; it has even arranged matters so that the bishop, representing the Pope, should not necessarily be chief of the particular "association cultuelle." If I should accept this, my supreme chief would be no longer the Pope; it would be the Council of State. I would resemble a soldier who should say to his colonel, "You are no longer my colonel." Could the Pope admit that the Council of State, composed of politicians, and perhaps of Protestants and Freemasons, could be the court of last resort? No. The Pope in accepting such a law would destroy himself, for if the Pope is not the supreme chief in religious questions he is no longer the Pope.

The liberal Roman Catholics' view is expressed in an article which appeared on September 2 in Le Temps, perhaps the most reliable of all French journals. The editor announces that the article is the work of a group of eminent Roman Catholics, priests, magistrates, academicians, and men of letters. The article is not signed by them because for every Roman Catholic the Pope is infallible, and he has condemned the law! Some days before this protest was published the text was delivered to Pius X. It recites that among enlightened Roman Catholics, who are such not only by baptism but also by their own free acts, there has been painful surprise at the

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Pope's wholesale condemnation of the law. They can understand that the Government gratuitously injured the Pope in not consulting him during the elaboration of the law, and they also comprehended that at any declaration of war on the part of the French Government the Church would respond by a similar declaration—if the Church were a Government analogous to those of the world. "But you, most Holy Father, are greater than your adversaries. You are the vicar of Jesus Christ. Your kingdom is a kingdom of peace, mercy, and pardon." The authors of the article call the Pope's attention to the practical advantages of the law, and the moral and material distress which would result in its rejection by the Church. Among the advantages are, the liberty of ecclesiastical nomination by the Pope, putting an end to the unholy alliance by which secular politics counted for much in the nominations hitherto made by the State to the Pope for episcopal preferment, in return for which privilege the State paid the ecclesiastical salaries. It now gradually abandons such payment. If the French hierarchy does not comply with the law requiring each church to be registered as an "association cultuelle," it loses the control of many million dollars' worth of property and of many thousand churches. Furthermore, Catholicism itself will be diminished, while Protestantism, by reason of its "associations cultuelles" already constituted and enjoying the favor of the State, will speedily occupy some of the positions of vantage which the Roman Catholics would be compelled to abandon. The name "association cultuelle" certainly does not sound orthodox to Roman Catholics, but the liberals among them are ready to adopt it as defining their place under the law which applies to any religious body. A compromise in the execution of the law should be found which will leave intact the dignity of both Church and State.

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The Missionary Centennial

The commemoration, October 10, at Williamstown—in connection with the annual meeting of the American Board at North Adams—of the memorable prayer-meeting of Williams College students under a haystack in August, 1806, which four years later brought to birth the oldest of American foreign missionary societies, is to be, as it should be, interdenominational. Representatives of the other churches originally associated with Congregationalists in the movement, and now prosecuting it independently, but in fraternal co-operation, are to take part in retrospect of the work of the century past, and in forecast of the work of the century to come. Greetings from the churches planted in the missionary field around the world, and the conferring of honorary degrees by Williams College upon distinguished missionaries, are other features of the centennial day. It is to begin with an early morning prayer-meeting at the Haystack monument, to feed the sacred fire lit there by Mills and his comrades, who two years later formed their "Society of Brethren," resolved "to effect in the persons of its members a mission to the heathen." The meetings of the Board at North Adams, October 9, 11, and 12, will naturally have their usual interest enhanced by the inspirations of this central day. Usually the annual proceedings have, perhaps inevitably, a cut-and-dried appearance, however interesting in effect. There are official reports, reports of select committees upon these reports, and eloquent addresses by appointed speakers, but no general discussion of the problems which arise from the changes in late years strikingly evident in missionary theory and practice. This year the programme reserves time for this, and it is an eminently desirable change. Although the offerings made under the special incentive of the centennial year have been far the largest in the annals of the Board, the fact of a lessened interest of American churches in their foreign missionary work is undeniable. More dollars, indeed, are contributed than when the country was but half as populous, but, in proportion to the increase of communicants, of their wealth, and of the pathetic and sometimes tragic appeals for the maintenance of a work arrested in its development by stinted supplies, much fewer dollars. That so much has been achieved in the multiplication of

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churches, schools, hospitals, and Christian literature in non-Christian lands is not due to the earnestness of a majority of Christian communicants to fulfill Jesus' bidding to "disciple all nations," but to the spirit of comparatively few. And so the *crux* of the foreign missionary problem is now in the home churches. Whether it is, as some believe, because many church pastors are shirkers, who should be leaders, or, as others think, because the collecting machinery is inadequate, there is, from some cause or causes, a failure of heart at the base of supplies, which must be made good if half-starved work is to be adequately reinforced on the firing line. This is the point aimed at in the proposed discussion, and it is a point in which churches of all denominations have a vital interest.

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The New Putnam's Magazine

The reappearance of Putnam's Monthly Magazine after an interval of many years is a very interesting event in the history of American periodical literature. Since the founding of the American Magazine in Philadelphia in 1741 there have been many such ventures, for magazine-making in the United States has been continuous, and for many years was largely a history of struggle, temporary success, and final failure. Sixteen experiments in magazine publication were made before the Revolution, and at the end of the first decade of the last century there were nearly thirty magazines printed and read in America. The life of most of these publications was snuffed out so early that the memory of them has perished, but there were a few which made some mark in our early literary history, chiefly by affording access to the public to promising writers. Among these must be counted Graham's Magazine, which had a wide and, on the whole, well-deserved popularity; The Dial, which will long be remembered because of its connection with the Transcendental movement; and the Knickerbocker Magazine, founded in New York City in 1833 by the novelist Hoffman, edited for some time by Lewis Gaylord Clark, and coming to an end in 1860. The Knickerbocker had distinctively literary aims, and numbered among its contributors a group of young men of various gifts. Putnam's Monthly Magazine, founded in 1853, lived only four years, although in 1867 it was revived for two years, but during its short life achieved distinction of aim and character because it represented, not the popular taste of the moment, which was met by Godey's Lady's Book, but allied itself with the real movement in American letters. The intimate connection of George William Curtis with the new publication would have given it distinction; and it was in the pages of the magazine that the "Potiphar Papers," with their clever satire of the society of the day, and "Prue and I," bathed in sentiment and touched with the fresh imagination of a man who was a poet as well as a man of affairs, appeared. To the same pages Lowell contributed both prose and verse, Arthur Hugh Clough, then living in Cambridge, two poems, and the name of Longfellow appeared very early in the history of the publication. Richard B. Kimball, whose name also appears among the contributors to the first issue of Putnam's Monthly, who was by vocation a lawyer and by avocation a writer of novels, very irreverently made the remark to Charles G. Leland in 1849 that he ought to go down on his knees and thank Rabelais for having preserved him from Longfellow. In the same pages appeared the names of Charles A. Dana, Parke Godwin, Thoreau, W. H. Hurlbert, the brilliant, versatile journalist, Clarence Cook, George Ripley, Herman Melville, Richard Grant White, Charles Dudley Warner, Mr. Stedman, Richard Henry Stoddard, and others of the younger generation of writers at that time. Putnam's Monthly Magazine, bearing date October, 1906, comes, therefore, with a history which makes it welcome to all lovers of American letters. Its aspect fortunately bears out the tradition of its dignity and quality. It does not reproduce the rather dull monotony of the old magazine covers; but it comes into the library like a well-bred person who knows how to sit before the fire and talk at ease; who has

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seen the world, knows books, and has learned and practices the art of human intercourse. The contents of the first number are not strikingly novel from a journalistic point of view, and the programme of the revived journal does not involve a repudiation of all existing literary traditions. The magazine starts quietly and puts into the hands of its readers matter which is worth reading in a style which is in line with good literary traditions.—— It is interesting to note that another of the older American publications, the North American Review, founded in Boston in 1815, and which has numbered among its editors Dr. Peabody, Edward Everett, Sparks, Lowell, and Norton, has now in its old age taken on the vigor of youth, and is hereafter to be issued semi-monthly instead of monthly, and to make a special feature of signed reviews.—— One of the most active and aggressive of recent magazines, the American Illustrated Magazine, formerly Frank Leslie's Monthly, under the direction of its new editors, illustrates a different tendency and represents a different ideal of magazine literature. It belongs to high-class journalism, and promises to render very efficient service to many good causes, and to be an extremely vital and interesting periodical.

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The Prison Congress

The recent meeting of the National Prison Association in Albany was remarkable not only for the large attendance from all over the United States and Canada, but for the number of excellent papers on topics no longer new. The work of the Congress must be iteration till the public is educated. Yet the new expression of well-threshed matter was excellent, notably that of C. E. Haddox, Warden of the West Virginia Penitentiary. Knowing how many thousands of men in the State of New York are lying idle behind the bars, it was refreshing to hear Mr. Haddox, in declaring that the labor question is the greatest that confronts any prison, say, "Idleness in prison is grossly wasteful, utterly uneconomical, terribly demoralizing, and prevents almost entirely all plans for a regimen that looks to discipline. For those in health there should be in prison no wasted hours at any time or any place. A score of idle or partly idle convicts can do more mischief, subvert more discipline, destroy more regularity and system, than a regiment of men kept at proper, legitimate employment." Mr. Haddox depends not only on labor and school work in his great penitentiary as means of discipline, but on his prison library, stocked with practical handbooks which tell men how to do things, such as to mix concrete, lay brick, build houses, construct telephone lines, run machinery, and similar work. He has not much respect for the ordinary prison library, which is too often "the aftermath of the spring house-cleaning of the philanthropically inclined," but would have books selected with as much fidelity for a prison as for a university. Another plea that he made was for a school for officers, whose usefulness must be measured by their personal influence on the men under their charge. He takes the unusual view that if a discharged convict comes back to prison the thoughtful warden should ask, "What did *I* fail to do? Where is my institution defective?" The same high-mindedness was seen in other papers, showing the proper spirit toward the man in the prison. Dr. S. A. Knopf, in his paper on the Tuberculosis Problem in Prisons and Reformatories, speaking of applying the tuberculin test as a quick method of determining the presence of the disease, said: "It would seem to me that because of the relative helplessness of the prisoner in your charge you should think twice before injecting tuberculin, and only if you are convinced in your own mind that no harm can be done, and then only with the full consent of the patient; and may I add, only if under similar circumstances you would wish to have tuberculin injected into yourself, or a member of your own family, should you resort to this diagnostic means." The rights of the prisoner were recalled by another speaker, the Superintendent of the Wisconsin State Reformatory, C. W. Bowron, in an address on Reformatory Commitments and Discharges, in which

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he dealt with possible dangers of a genuine indeterminate sentence. His way out of the dilemma would be to have every person who is sent to a reformatory committed "for a course of reformatory treatment of five years, or, if you please, ten years, or any adequate period, subject to the opportunity of sooner working his way to parole and to freedom through good conduct and demonstrated reformation." This would at least avoid the objectionable minimum limit which some States allow in committing first offenders. It would not cover the cases of those who might need perpetual surveillance, such as were described by Dr. Davis, of Bedford, and other superintendents, cases of women utterly unfit to be returned to the community, at least during child-bearing age, but whom a maximum limit relentlessly thrusts back into society to work evil and only evil wherever they go.

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Mobile and Pensacola Stricken

The Gulf storm which swept over Mobile and Pensacola and the Gulf coast in the vicinity of those cities on Thursday of last week was one of the most destructive ever experienced on the American coast. While the loss of life and damage to property are far lower than those caused by the great typhoon at Hongkong described last week, they are still appalling to contemplate. Present reports indicate that about one hundred and fifty lives were lost in the two cities, while scores of other persons must have perished in small places along the coast. The estimates of the money damage done run as high as twelve million dollars. Railways were destroyed, great iron ships were driven ashore and through houses, countless vessels large and small were wrecked, tens of thousands of trees of great value to the lumber interests were blown down, and in innumerable other ways ruin and devastation were spread over the coast. It is reported that great damage has also been done to the cotton crop in Alabama and Mississippi by the terrific winds and tremendous fall of rain. This storm was in the nature of a hurricane, and its course had been watched and noted by the Weather Bureau for several days before it struck our Gulf coast. There was no tidal wave, but the effect of the frightful storm when it struck the sea near the coast was to drive the water back and far up the shore with such suddenness that it is remarkable that the loss of life was not larger. From all present appearances the casualty is of such a character that relief and assistance for the stricken regions from the country at large are urgently demanded. Without doubt the National Red Cross Association will undertake this task, and it is now so organized that it can be of avail in precisely such emergencies. Contributions for this purpose may be sent, therefore, directly either to the National Red Cross at Washington or to any of the State branch offices of the Red Cross.

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The Russian Agrarian Problem

Nine-tenths of the Russian population consists of tillers of the soil. During the past quarter-century the muzhiks, or peasant farmers, have become increasingly poor. Their condition might be improved in two ways, quantitatively and qualitatively: they ought to have both more and better land. To the first improvement there has been opposition from past and present owners; the second has been hindered by the ignorance and sloth of the peasants themselves. The present Prime Minister, Mr. Stolypin, has now induced the Emperor to decree the sale of certain Crown lands to peasants on the expiration of existing leases, and at prices calculated upon the average capitalized value of land incomes. The grant of concessions and the fixing of prices is to be intrusted to the Commissions for Land Organization, composed of delegates elected by the peasants, the landowners, the zemstvos, and the Government representatives. Loans to enable the muzhiks to make necessary preliminary improvements may be granted to them, and they may also be supplied, free of charge, with building material from the State forests. The leases are also to be free of duty, and payments can be spread over fifty years. Russian agrarian unrest

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may be somewhat lessened by the many million acres affected by the Emperor's decree and the enormous amount of private lands already acquired by the peasants at nominal prices. Under the existing circumstances of riot, not to say revolution, so many landlords wish to sell their holdings that in one week of September the Peasants' and Nobles' Bank helped the muzhiks to buy no less than a hundred and twenty-five estates. The Peasants' Bank, it is said, has acquired 7,500,000 acres since last November. Land values have declined alarmingly, in some provinces about seventy-five per cent. Yet, despite these more favorable factors for the peasant farmer, rioting continues in many provinces.

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America's Duty to Cuba

The nation is to be measured, not by the sensational utterances of sensation-mongers, but by its official deeds. So judged, America in its dealing with Cuba has justified the declarations made by the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of War that the American people have no desire to acquire additional territory and none to exercise the functions of sovereignty over any other people than their own.

With the declaration of war against Spain went the official affirmation "that the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island except for the pacification thereof; and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people." At the close of the war it fulfilled this purpose and left the government and the control of the island to its people, guaranteeing them against invasion of foes from without and against anarchy from within, impliedly pledging the United States, with the consent of the Cuban people, to intervene whenever necessary "for the preservation of Cuban independency and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." When, last summer, a series of revolts was initiated against the Cuban Government, the United States did not interfere until the Government had shown itself powerless to protect life, property, and individual liberty. It then interfered, first by an appeal from the President of the United States to the people of Cuba to adjust their political differences in a peaceable manner. This appeal proving ineffectual, the Secretary of War went to the island to act as a mediator for the purpose of reconciling the differences and assuaging the passions which had arisen. No better instrument for this purpose could have been chosen. Endowed with a judicial temper, his fairness of spirit rarely questioned by his political foes, possessed with infinite patience sweetened with genial humor, and educated by his experience in the Philippines in the difficult art of making diplomatic negotiations with a people at once proud and childish, his selection was greeted with universal approval in the United States and his coming was welcomed by all who had serious interest at stake in Cuba. Not until all his efforts to secure some basis of agreement between the contending factions, all his endeavors to induce them to submit their political differences to a peaceful arbitrament, all his appeals to their national pride to find for themselves some way out of the difficulty, had failed, and the existing government had resigned in a body, leaving the island without any political organization for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, did the United States, acting through him and with the approval of the President, assume even the temporary functions of sovereignty.

In general, in any civilized community each family is left to administer its own affairs. One household does not interfere with the government of another household merely because the children are unjustly disciplined, the wife harshly treated, and the money which should be used for the home is spent in drink. But if there is an end of family government, if the lives of the wife and children are threatened by an irate and drunken master of the house, or if the

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grown-up children themselves fall to fighting one another with pistols and bowie-knives and the weak-willed parents are unable to control them, the law steps in and takes control. And if this lawless family is living in a border community or a colonial time, when as yet there is no law framed and organized for such a case, the neighbors step in and intervene for the protection of life and the preservation of order. They have not only a right, but a duty so to do. We are coming to a time in which this duty is beginning to be recognized as belonging to civilized nations. When the Boxer revolt substituted anarchy for government in China, and pillage, arson, and murder an riot, and the Government proved itself either unwilling or incompetent to protect life and property, the civilized Powers combined in an intervention for that purpose. As soon as the purpose was accomplished and the Chinese Government reasserted its authority, the Powers retired. The Christian Governments of Europe ought long since to have intervened in Turkey to protect persons and property there from legalized robbery and murder. They have been restrained from so doing, not by national conscience, but by national jealousies. America, as the most powerful neighbor of Cuba, might well interfere to prevent the reign of anarchy and re-establish the reign of law, even if she were under no special obligation so to do.

But she is under such special obligation. She has expelled Spain from the island, and is responsible for launching Cuba upon the experiment of self-government. She has implicitly pledged herself, with the consent of the Cuban people, to protect in the island life, property, and individual liberty. Acting upon this pledge, millions of dollars have been invested in island property and thousands of immigrants have gone there to make it their home. Neither the capital nor the immigrants are all American. Large amounts of European capital have been invested upon faith in an American protectorate, and upon the same faith thousands of Spanish immigrants have migrated to the island to make it their future home. The United States would be false to itself, to its pledges, and to those who have relied upon these pledges, if it left Cuba to an independence when independence means anarchy.

For there should be no mistake respecting the issue. Cuban independence at the present moment does mean anarchy. The existing government ceased to exercise its functions and resigned its authority. There was no other Cuban government to take its place. It is a misnomer to call the sporadic risings throughout the island a revolution, and the resulting condition one of war. In war the rights of private property and the lives of non-combatants are respected. In a revolution one organized government makes war against another organized government. This was not the case in Cuba. Bands of brigands in various parts of the island plundered and destroyed. If any credence is to be attached to the newspaper reports, the warfare has been conducted more against non-combatants than against armed forces in the field. Neither life nor property is safe in any section where the revolutionists appear in force. Whatever justification they may have had for demanding the overthrow of the Palma government affords no justification for the reign of terror which they appear to have initiated. Whether the Palma government was elected by fraud which vitiates the election, and the quasi-revolution was justified, or whether that government had a right to exercise the control which it had proved itself powerless to exercise, is immaterial. The simple fact is that the Cuban government proved itself wholly inadequate and finally abandoned its functions in despair, and the United States, by its general relations to Cuba, by its formal and official pledges, and by its obligations to those in Cuba who have acted on the faith of such pledges, is bound to do whatever may be necessary to secure a government which can and will adequately protect life, property, and individual liberty. The people of the United States will generally hope that a brief American government will suffice, and that it may be possible to organize a new Cuban government which will maintain for Cuba both liberty and justice. But we greatly misunderstand the temper of the American people if they do not

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resolve that justice shall be maintained in Cuba by some kind of government, Cuban or American, even though it should permanently cost Cuba her independence. If one must choose between a community in which justice and liberty are maintained without independence, and one in which independence is maintained and justice and liberty are sacrificed, there can be no question which is to be preferred. A dependency in which person and property are adequately protected is immeasurably better off than an independent State given over to anarchy and brigandage.

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His Own Judge

When a man asks to be placed in a position of trust, it is natural to examine first his credentials and second his record. Mr. William Randolph Hearst has asked the voters of the State of New York to put him into the office of Governor. What are Mr. Hearst's credentials? And what is his performance?

As nominee of the Democratic party of New York, Mr. Hearst appears before the voters with the credentials of the Democratic Convention. Those credentials were delivered to him by Charles F. Murphy, the boss of Tammany Hall. This is not the charge of political opponents; it is the fact accepted as true by Mr. Hearst's friends and foes within and without the party. Tammany Hall, voting as a unit under orders of Charles F. Murphy, made the test vote 244 for Hearst to 142 against him. Had the Tammany representatives voted the other way, Hearst would have been defeated by ninety votes. As the New York Daily News, the Tammany organ declares, not without pride,

> It is true that the up-the-State vote enlisted under the banner of Charles F. Murphy, and it is the first time in the history of the Democracy since the Civil War that they have done so. They had faith in Charles F. Murphy and his ability, and they were not deceived.

What do the credentials of Tammany Hall and Charles F. Murphy signify? We will not answer that question ourselves; we will let Mr. Hearst himself answer it. A year ago Mr. Hearst was a candidate for the mayoralty of New York City against Mayor McClellan. At that time it was not he, but his opponent, who had his credentials from Mr. Murphy; and Mr. Hearst, speaking at Durland's on October 28, and as reported in his own paper, the American, said: "It is not the fact that Murphy is the boss of Tammany Hall that gives him his power and opportunity to plunder you. It is the fact that he owns the city government, and the little Mayor at the head of the city government." The man, then, that owes his office to Murphy, according to Mr. Hearst himself, is owned by him. Mr. Murphy's credentials are certificates of possession; Mr. Murphy's nominee is Mr. Murphy's property.

And what sort of man is this Charles F. Murphy, at whose hands Mr. Hearst has received his nomination? Again Mr. Hearst can answer the question. His paper, the American, on the editorial page which bears Mr. Hearst's own name, has pictured Mr. Murphy, in words and in cartoons, as embodying evils of the most hateful sort. On September 20, 1905, for example, Mr. Hearst's paper described Mr. Murphy as a man "who, as it is generally said in political circles, has made Croker admirable by contrast;" and three days later Mr. Hearst's opinion of Mr. Murphy was expressed in these words: "Under McClellan the Murphy graft in New York pales even the record of Van Wyck the Ice Man." Then, as if he had not been explicit enough, Mr. Hearst, in the speech at Durland's, publicly stated, as reported in his own paper: "Murphy is as evil a specimen of a criminal boss as we have had since the days of Tweed. . . . Murphy is as bold a buccaneer as ever sailed the political seas."

Mr. Hearst has made sufficiently clear his own opinion of the worth of the credentials he himself now bears. What, we may now ask, is the significance of his record?

So far as we know, Mr. Hearst has held but one public office—that of a Representative in Congress from New York. In that capacity he has not been conspicuous except by the rarity of his appearance and the scantiness of his record. It is, however, perhaps not fair

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to judge a man's fitness for an executive office by his record as a legislator. Fortunately, in this case it is not necessary to do so. Fitness for a public administrative office involves, first, executive ability, and, second, trustworthiness. Mr. Hearst's executive ability has been tested by his career as the founder and administrator of his newspapers in several cities. One of the prime requisites of an able administrator he has exhibited to a marked degree—the ability to select subordinates on whom he can depend to do his will. Any man who can bring upon journalism the degradation which in ten short years he has brought upon it in the city of New York, and whose influence is seen in the progress of "yellow newspapers" all over the Nation, is not without executive ability. It has been Mr. Hearst's distinction to have his name associated with journalistic exploits which have aroused the envious admiration of the unscrupulous and won the credulous admiration of the ignorant. It is not good sense to deny ability to a man who has attained such distinction as that. The ends toward which he has employed that ability, and the means he has employed in its exercise, have been such, however, as to make most pertinent the examination of his record for evidence of trustworthiness. Can Mr. Hearst be depended upon to do what he promises to do? We will not answer that question. We will again let Mr. Hearst speak for himself.

A year ago, when Mr. Hearst was seeking the office of Mayor in opposition to the forces of Tammany Hall, he was free with denunciation not only of bosses and boss rule, but specifically of that efficient engine of boss rule, Tammany Hall. On the editorial page of the American for September 21 appear these words: "Now, while in the end it may be a great thing to nominate and elect a Mayor, a Chief of Police, a Council, together with the other parts and appurtenances of government, the really vital thing is to destroy, root and branch, at once and forever, the organization which makes the Mayor a mere puppet and the entire municipal machine a huge instrument for the people's oppression. . . . It is about time that the people of this great city had cried out, in the tones of unmistakable earnestness, 'It is our opinion that Tammany should be destroyed.'" Scarcely more than a year has elapsed, and Mr. Hearst is not only silent upon the subject of the oppression of the people by Tammany Hall, but is actually accepting the support of that organization.

A year ago Mr. Hearst was denouncing in unmistakable terms the crimes of the grafters. On behalf of the plain people he proclaimed his irrevocable desire to see the men guilty of big frauds sent to jail. And chief of those grafters whose prosecution as criminals he made an issue of the campaign, he named Charles F. Murphy. According to the report in his own paper of the speech he made at Durland's on October 28, he said: "Murphy will still be boss of Tammany Hall if I am elected, but what will that avail him? Why, Mr. Shearn and I would rather put the boss of Tammany Hall in jail than any other of the corrupt crew of public plunderers." Within a year Mr. Hearst, as the result of political arrangements made on his behalf with Tammany Hall, is appearing as Mr. Murphy's candidate for Governor. Mr. Hearst's personal interests no longer comport with the sending of Mr. Murphy to jail.

A year ago Mr. Hearst, in public speech and through his newspapers, was denouncing the criminal trusts for their oppression of the people by means of political corruption. And of these he deliberately charged that Charles F. Murphy was the agent. "Murphy boasts," declared Mr. Hearst's American on October 25, 1905, "that he will spend $1,500,000 in this campaign. . . . That $1,500,000 comes from the financial trust, and is an advance payment for the privilege of exploiting us all for four years more." Mr. Murphy succeeded; one-quarter of the four years has not yet passed. Do we find Mr. Hearst asking the people to elect him as Governor that he may call Mr. Murphy to account? Not at all. We find Mr. Hearst presenting himself before the people of the State as Mr. Murphy's political partner.

Since his defeat for the mayoralty, which he ascribed to fraud at the polls,

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Mr. Hearst has carried on through his papers a campaign for "a free vote and an honest count." Even before election day he warned the voters against fraud, and offered through his paper, the American, rewards aggregating $2,000 for the arrest and conviction of individuals guilty of illegal registration. "The belief is general," said the American on October 23, in connection with his announcement, "that the Murphy ring will cast every fraudulent vote that experience in corrupt politics can put into the ballot-box." Less than a year afterwards the Democratic Convention assembled at Buffalo, under the direction and control of that same Murphy ring, excluded, with cynical audacity, enough anti-Hearst delegates to assure Mr. Hearst's nomination. Do we find Mr. Hearst repudiating such fraud as the work of a corrupt ring, and declining to take advantage of such a violation of "a free vote and an honest count"? Not at all. Mr. Hearst offers no reward. His papers speak of him as the "nominee of the Democratic party," and announce the opening of the "campaign to redeem the State."

Mr. Hearst's statements on these four evils—boss rule, criminal graft, trust oppression, and fraud at the polls—have been voluble. His record in dealing with these evils, on the other hand, is brief. His statements have been violent denunciation of all four evils; his record is alliance with the man whom he has declared to be the embodiment of each of them.

In this review of Mr. Hearst's brief career as an aspirant for public executive office we have simply allowed him to judge himself.

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Racial Self-Restraint

If appearances can be trusted, the clash between the races in Atlanta and its environs is ended. The danger, however, of its recurrence there, or of a similar encounter between blacks and whites elsewhere, is not removed. Such battles between white men and negroes are the product of conditions; they cannot be prevented by merely calling out the militia as each case arises. It is well to douse a typhoid fever patient in cold water to reduce his temperature and quiet his nerves; but it is also important to look to the water supply. It is of immediate importance to call out the militia, if necessary fire on the mob, and send the ruffians to jail; but it is also important to discover the source of the trouble and apply a remedy there.

In the first place, it should be said that in this matter no section has any right to read a lesson to any other section. All parts of the country where distinct races live side by side have been guilty of offense. Occurrences of this sort have shamed not only regions in the South, but cities of the West and the East. Springfield, Ohio, and "San Juan Hill" in New York City have been the scenes of "race wars" as real if not as extensive as that of Atlanta. This is an evil for which all Americans, North and South, who wish to see civilization in America preserved can unite in seeking a cure. Because, however, the evil has been exhibited in a pronounced form in Atlanta, we shall confine our inquiry to conditions in that city. If these can be understood, we believe that the way to a remedy can be found.

In Atlanta, as in all other parts of the country, the black and white races are distinct. Each, side by side with the other, lives its own life. In this condition we are convinced no change is desirable; but even if we believed a change were desirable, we could not escape the plain fact that no change is possible. It is, however, also true, and at the same time deplorable, that the negroes living in the midst of the whites are strangers, practically a people without a country. They are not only distinct—that is inevitable—but they are also alien, and that ought to be changed. They form, as it were, an *imperium in imperio*, or, as the title of an article in last week's issue of The Outlook expressed it, they constitute "the city within the city." For what a negro may do to a white man he is held strictly accountable by the whites; but for what he may do to another negro, so long as it does not disturb the white population, he is held accountable by no one with any real

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authority or power. Strictly within their own circle there is little to govern the negroes of America except a race opinion—which, it is true, is strong but not always effective. A negro can destroy negro property, he can wrong a negro woman, he can even kill a fellow-negro, and, so long as he does not trouble the whites, he has a good chance of escaping forcible restraint. He is not, therefore, likely to have as highly developed a sense of responsibility to society as a white man who has the same general standard of living.

In particular, the conditions of Atlanta emphasize the isolation of the negro. Atlanta, not at all typical of the South as a whole, is a busy commercial city. Its industrial eminence has attracted to it a large number of Southern white people who do not belong to the class which the negroes traditionally respect. The ordinary negro has been accustomed to regard them as not only beneath the people of the master class in the social scale, but even beneath himself. Yet he has seen family after family from this class of newcomers rise beyond him and mingle freely with those whom he acknowledges to be his superiors. When he sees privileges which are denied to him on account of race granted to those whom he regards as inferiors, his contempt is changed into enmity. His enmity he knows is returned with good measure. The ill feeling between the whites and the blacks in Atlanta is due in great measure to this fact. Moreover, in Atlanta there is an unusually large number of cultivated negroes. These colored people, many of them with college education, have as little to do with the poorer, less educated negroes as the residents on Fifth Avenue along the east side of Central Park have to do with the denizens of Hell's Kitchen; and they have correspondingly little influence over them. Furthermore, like other human beings, they are too much concerned over the gaining of certain rights, and too little appreciative of their opportunities. Whatever restraint they might exercise by virtue of their position they thus do not exercise because of their social separation from the great body of their race.

In brief, then, the condition may be described thus: in the midst of white civilization there lives a black race, isolated from that civilization, controlled only by fear of offending the race of superior power and by a respect for the members of that race who were once their masters, goaded by an envious hatred of those whites who have passed them from a position of social inferiority to one of social superiority, and unrestrained by any effective force within themselves.

Here is inflammable material. The torch was applied by special circumstances. Only recently there was ended in Georgia a political campaign which for recklessness of utterance has outdone most campaigns even in this land of rash speaking. Quite unnecessarily, racial questions were emphasized. The political situation in Georgia so far as the races were concerned has for some time been stable; but that fact did not deter politicians who had personal ambitions to satisfy from attempting to stir up racial passions. Unscrupulous journalistic methods reinforced the arts of the stump speaker. The criminally inclined negroes needed but the suggestion; the ruffianly whites were ready for the word; and violence burst out as a flame.

The source of the riots in Atlanta is thus to be found in conditions which exist not only in that city but to some degree in every place where any large numbers of negroes are living. A race isolated and untrained in self-restraint is sure to infect with anarchy the supposedly civilized community within which it lives. If this is true, there are only two thinkable methods of cure; one is the removal of that race as a distinct race. The idea that it might be removed by assimilation is not open to argument; the idea that it could be removed by deportation is likewise not worth discussing. The negro race is going to remain in this country as a distinct race; its removal is out of the question. There remains but one cure: some method of requiring the black race to exercise self-control. Irresponsibility can be remedied only by the acceptance of responsibility. That community which succeeds

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in utilizing the force for law and order existing within the negro race in controlling the vicious and lawless elements of that race will put an end to at least one of the conditions which made such a race war as that in Atlanta possible.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page has put this suggestion into practical form: "It is possible that in every community negroes might be appointed officers of the law, to look exclusively after lawbreakers of their own race. The English in the East manage such matters well. . . . In Hongkong. . . . there are several classes of police—the English, the Chinese, and the Indian police. Only the first are empowered to make general arrests; the others have powers relating exclusively to the good order of the races to which they belong, though they may in all cases be called in to assist the English police. Somewhat in the same way, the negroes might be given, within their province, powers sufficiently full to enable them to keep order among their people, and they might on the other hand be held to a certain accountability for such good order." The United States has adopted the same principle in dealing with the Indians, by the formation of Indian scouts; and in the maintenance of peace among the Filipinos by the organization of a native constabulary.

The best possible way for the citizens of Atlanta to erase the shame that has stained their city would be for them to formulate a plan for making permanent what we are led to believe is the present co-operation between the law-abiding people of both races in the enforcement of law.

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South America's Community of Interest

A sense of a waxing community of interests among the New World republics and its consequent expression in more definite forms of union has found manifestation very generally throughout South America incidental to the meeting of the Conference at Rio de Janeiro and the visit of Secretary Root. Making due allowance for the ebullitions of sentiment incidental to such events—evanescent, though genuinely prompted—there remains a residuum of good feeling and of better understanding that needs only to be adequately cultivated to bear permanent fruit of immense value, material and moral, for all concerned. The Brazilian press, both metropolitan and provincial, numbers not a few enterprising and thoughtfully edited journals. A signed editorial in a leading daily of São Paolo, the Correio Paulistano, written by Dr. Alberto Seabra, gives admirable expression to a sentiment that has been very generally in evidence in the newspapers of Rio de Janeiro and elsewhere in the republic. Its spirit is strikingly in accord with the ideas of a nascent solidarity of the American republics above considered. Profoundly impressed by Mr. Root's utterances, the writer said: "The love of peace, the sentiment of international solidarity, the reciprocal co-operation, the mutual help between the peoples of an entire continent—all this appears to the eyes of an observer like a gigantic organism in process of effective development. There are certain unpublished ideas that tend to pass from the world of thought to the world of reality. All the history of America has been a long gestation of this super-organic something which more and more has been elaborating itself and co-ordinating itself according to law. Revealing themselves in the haze of the horizon, we may now perceive the first fruits of the federal era, of the federative unity of the Three Americas."

Merely the "getting together" of the representatives of the various American nations in these Conferences is in itself worth the while. Beneath the fair surface of appearances there may be no little distrust, intrigue, playing for particular advantages, and the like. But the dominant note is one of good feeling. With the great majority akin in race and of the same or similar language, there is inevitably a sense of better understanding, a growing feeling that the interests of the whole are superior to the special interests of the few. The growth of harmony, of general friendliness, in the spirit of these Conferences has been very evident in a comparison of the gathering at Rio de Janeiro with its two predecessors.

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Mr. Root's visit has done an immense service in allaying the baseless but very widely diffused fears of American aggression. For our part, we Americans have our own share in the task to perform: to correct our very prevalent misconceptions as to South American character and capacity; to realize that there, in that part of the world, are highly developed and advancing civilizations, a lofty patriotism, national aspirations, and high types of statesmanship comparable with our own. And it is exceedingly important that we should overcome the narrow prejudices, the feeling of superiority, the attitude of contempt—in particular, correct the disposition to give public expression to these things—largely due to a sense of differences in race and in blends of races. Not unnaturally, there is much sensitiveness in Latin America concerning this attitude. It is fruitful in mischief.

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The Spectator

By the calendar it was winter, but by the thermometer it was eighty in the shade as the Spectator rode on the front seat of the Californian trolley-car. His ultimate intention was to reach one of the old Spanish Missions, but he was going round Robin Hood's barn, so to speak, because he also desired to see an ostrich farm. Vague notions of sand and palm-trees were in his mind, and it was something of a shock to have the conductor pull the strap and in a matter-of-fact way announce "The Ostrich Farm" at a most ordinary corner. Near by was an inclosure with a fence, also entirely commonplace, and a gate through which the gatekeeper admitted the casual ostrich-seeker at twenty-five cents a head. The Spectator has visited a great many farms, and this admission idea struck him as doing more for the farmer than all the advice he had ever read in agricultural journals. Almost any farm could be made to pay by this simple expedient. But, then, there is a difference in things. This particular ostrich farm has had something like a hundred thousand visitors, the proprietor proudly boasts, whereas the average New England farm, for example, would hardly take in gate-money enough in a year to pay the gatekeeper's wages for a week. It is a pity, because the idea is so thoroughly good.

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Having paid his quarter, the Spectator looked around in vain for sand or palm-trees. Dust and high post-and-rail fences took their place. An ostrich farm is the dustiest place on earth. There is not a spear of anything green. The ostriches have eaten up everything in sight except the dust, at which they draw the line, and the fence-rails, which are too large and solidly fastened. They peck at them, but in a discouraged way. Anything that the visitor offers, from his hat to a tightly rolled newspaper, they will greedily devour, and for this reason there are placards everywhere, "Please do not feed the birds," and "Dangerous! Keep two feet away from the fence." This is also a true and wholesome warning, for the average ostrich does not like strangers, and will peck them if it can. The Spectator is constrained to say of it indeed, as Bottom did of the lion, that it is a "fearful wild fowl." One third of it is a pair of bare and revolting legs; another third an equally bare and revolting neck; the middle third is a mass of dirty gray or black and white feathers which look no more like the finished product on a feminine hat than a satyr to Hyperion—mere unprepossessing raw material. To crown all, the creature has a head several sizes too small, with an indescribably fatuous and yet malicious expression. The Spectator is not a physiognomist; but to trust anything that looks like an ostrich would be, in his judgment, the act of an idiot. He therefore kept two feet away from the fence with pleasure, and felt no impulse to feed the birds so much as a trolley transfer or a box of matches.

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They had to take it out in staring at him. Even with a lorgnette no human being could accomplish the stare of the ostrich on a farm. Perhaps the city ostrich would not stare as much—the Spectator cannot say. No amount of staring in return, either, disconcerts an ostrich; the power of the human eye does not

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exist in this case. The Spectator walked down the six-foot-wide paths between the pens, and let the birds gaze their fill with bare-lidded eyes and open beaks, while he observed their housekeeping in return. Each pair of ostriches has a corral of its own—a very small one it seemed for such big creatures—and a door-plate in the shape of a placard reading "George and Martha Washington," "Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland," and so on (which makes the Spectator glad that he is not famous, and so has no ostrich named after *him!*). The average adult ostrich stands about seven feet high, weighs something like two hundred and fifty pounds, and is worth one hundred and fifty dollars or so. It will eat, so ostrich farmers say, stones, leather, whole oranges, gimlets, and lighted pipes, being "omnivorous, carnivorous to some extent, and voracious." Nevertheless, it is brought down severely, in these corrals, to the simple life, being provided with plenty of water and a troughful of alfalfa, chopped fine, with beets, corn, and such-like garden produce. To see a full-grown bird pecking away for dear life at what looks like a meal of chopped grass, when it must be yearning for door-keys and tenpenny nails, makes one think of an epicure at Carlsbad. But the result, as all diet specialists could easily predict, is a flourishing state of health—so flourishing that, if the paths were not six feet wide, George Washington and Grover Cleveland would be fighting enthusiastically all day.

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But as it is, the farm is like a Peace Convention, and the attention of the ostriches is diverted in the direction of raising a family. The ostrich, like the hen, is exploited by man. Naturally, one brood of a dozen chicks is all that a pair of ostriches would raise each year. But the farmer has other views; and the ostrich is too stupid to comprehend the situation. Every spring, therefore, each pair of birds builds, or rather scrapes out, a nest, taking turns in the work. The hen ostrich lays a dozen eggs or so, and scatters the dust over them to protect them from the rays of the sun. The Spectator learned that the old fable of the eggs being hatched by the sun has long ago been exploded. The ostriches are model parents; they take turns in sitting, for about forty days. But when the ostrich chicks hatch out, the canny farmer promptly removes them to an alfalfa field, where in about five days they are running about eating alfalfa, while the bereaved parents, bewildered but persistent, are scraping out another nest. In this way the ostrich farmer has been known to get from one pair of birds eighty eggs, most of which hatch into flourishing chicks, while the other eggs are blown and sold as souvenirs for a dollar apiece. Nothing is wasted on an ostrich farm. If the chicks die, they are stuffed and put on sale. The Spectator, in the feather salesroom near the entrance, even saw ostrich legs, mounted, varnished, and for sale—most repellent souvenirs, in his humble opinion.

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The young birds, in a large inclosure by themselves, where they ran about in a restless troop like school-children at recess, lifting their youthful wings in a pretty motion, and as gentle, apparently, as kittens, were the most winning part of the farm. The baby ostrich is pleasing but not profitable; the grown-up ostrich is profitable but not pleasing. One cannot have everything in this world, and the proprietor gazed fondly at the very ugliest bird of all, and told the Spectator that it was worth thirty dollars a year in feathers. Three crops in two years is the rule, and the utmost care and gentleness are shown, so that the Audubon Society can safely place the ostrich farm feather on the white list. The ostrich in South Africa is said to live seventy years, and as it takes only three years for an ostrich chick to mature into a full-grown bird, it can be seen that it repays raising. Nevertheless, the Spectator does not want to run an ostrich farm. He is glad the old Spanish padres did not raise ostriches at their missions. Ostriches are all very well in the Syrian desert and the pages of the Swiss Family Robinson, but they are disillusioning in real life. Still, to lose an illusion for the price of only a quarter is to get off marvelously easy, and the Spectator has no quarrel with the ostrich farm, but hopes it may live long and prosper.

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ORTHOGRAPHY AND SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

President of the University of California

THE definition of language as voice expressive of thought is doubly inadequate. In the first place, it is far less a means of expression than a vehicle of communication. Historically it takes its form almost entirely, not from the prompting to express what is within one, but from the suggestions of hearing as to what will be intelligible to others. It is a means of communication; it always takes into account the other man; it is pre-eminently a social instrument. In the second place, it is, in modern civilized society, addressed more to the eye than to the ear. Most of us read every day more language than we hear, even if we limit our reading to newspapers and text-books; but if we turn to the higher intellectual life, there can be no doubt that our acquaintance with the larger range of powers and possibilities in language is determined immeasurably more by reading than by hearing. Broadened intercourse in the world of men is calling more and more for an intercommunication of thought not restricted to the range of a speaker's voice. We resent the power of distance to keep men and ideas and sympathies asunder, and we refuse to condition intercommunication upon a certain physical propinquity of larynxes and ears. The phonograph and the telephone are ultra-modern devices for annulling distance and bringing larynx and ear nearer together without the crude necessity of bodily transporting one or the other. As such these instruments aid in returning language to its original character as sound addressed to the ear. Still, if we were from this time on to abandon altogether the pen and the printing-press, and make our libraries into storehouses of phonograph cylinders, we should at least cut ourselves off from the past, for written language is an instrument, not only of triumph over space, but even more significantly, as a means of record, an instrument of triumph over time. One may fairly presume, I think, that the device of written language by which man has been slowly lifting himself during the last four millennia out of the shackles of space and time, *i. e.*, out of savagery, is not likely to be abandoned forthwith. The problem, however, of how to hold the written language in intelligible relation to the viscous body of the spoken language without sacrificing the essential value of the former as an agency of civilization, will command increasing attention, and will demand the co-operation of special knowledge, broad human wisdom, and withal much caution, for the problem is beset with grave difficulties, and most especially as concerns the English language, of all languages that are or ever have been.

As every language serves the purpose of communication among the members of its speech-community, it follows that every language is a standardized product. This is true of spoken language as well as of written language, though in a more refined degree and less obtrusively. In the last analysis and from the purely descriptive point of view of, *e.g.*, phonetics, every speaker possesses a language of his own; there are as many languages as there are individual speakers. Each one has his own selection of words, uses some of them in special meanings or with individual limitations of meaning, has his own intonations, or peculiarities of pronunciation, or special colorings of particular sounds; but all these individualisms are held in continual restraint and subjected to a perpetual leveling influence by what the individual is daily hearing from those about him, as well as by the necessity of making himself understood by those about him. The result, by countless imitations and compromises, is the unconscious standard-

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izing which creates and maintains the idiom of a speech-community, however small it may be. The constant struggle between the centrifugal forces of individual usage and the centripetal forces of intercommunication within the community yield, on the one hand, standard, on the other, life, as the source of progress and historic change. But the mass swings as a whole and reduces the individual languages approximately to its own orbit.

The same conditions which held the individual language in subservience to the community speech operate in holding or reducing the speech of the lesser community to accord with that of the larger community according to the dictation of intercourse. Isolation allows dialects to emerge and shape themselves in separate standards; resumption of intercourse levels them out and constrains them into subservience to the greater mass and recognition of the wider standard. So the great national languages are created in part by leveling, in part by absorption, but always in response to the facts of national life and intercourse. The man who desires to have part in the larger community and gain a hearing will accommodate himself to the standard, be it unconsciously, through natural imitation of that which he admires, or consciously and with toil, as in the case of actors and public speakers who cannot afford to bear the provincial mark. There arises, too, in cases of the rapid extension of a standard such as has characterized the history of English in the last century, the intervention of the school-teacher, the dictionary, and even the elocutionist, as valiant exterminators of dialectal vermin. Theirs is rather rough work, to be sure, but after all they are the frontiersmen of an advancing unitary civilization founded upon free intercourse that insists upon uniform, standard means of intercommunication. A man who moves about much among various classes and in various places, and wishes to be generally acceptable to all audiences on short acquaintance, had better standardize his *theayter* and *obleege* and *massacree* and *ain't* and *hist* (*hoist*) and *Roosian* and *Euró-pean;* but at home it will make no difference. It ought not to make a difference anywhere, but it does; it seems to start a suspicion that he may not be the bearer of a message from the great world.

The matters I have just been discussing fall mostly under the guardianship of orthoepy and orthophony. I have indeed fetched a compass in my approach, but the goal toward which I am tending is orthography, which is to the written language what orthophony is to the spoken.

Writing arose from the demand for record for those separated in time or for communication with those separated in space. Writing began as pictures of objects, then gradually attached itself to their names, then to syllables, then to single sounds. Writing began in Europe when the Greeks, receiving the Phœnician symbols and with them their names, applied them with the value generally of the initial sound of these names in writing down, sound by sound, as best they could, their own words. It was a painful exercise in phonetic spelling, and their early inscriptions are abiding monuments of the agony. The speech of different localities differed in dialect, and each district wrote as its own dialect sounded, with the result that the writer of one district could scarcely decipher the writing of his neighbors. Added to this was the embarrassment that different districts had accepted the symbols with somewhat different values; thus the Ionians, who dropped their h's, accepted the letter *heta* (our H) with the value e, to them the initial sound, while the Athenians, who kept their h's, gave it the value of h. After awhile, about 400 B.C., the Athenians, by way of conformity to the more brilliantly worldly Ionians, compromised to the extent of adopting their letters and their values, but continued to spell at first more or less phonetically. The shape, however, which the phonetically written word assumed during the following generation proved to be the form the word was to keep for all the generations thereafter. The literary prestige of the fourth century established the word in place of the letter as the unit, and ever after, even down into the present Modern Greek, the assemblage of symbols marking the

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word remains unchanged. The sounds have changed, but have dragged the letters with them. And what is more, with the decay of provincialism and the rise of a national Hellenic consciousness based upon intellectual achievement and embodied in Alexander's empire, the Athenian form of the words as the vehicle of a nation-making literature became the accepted form for all the dialectal districts. So there became one normal form for all Greece in all the generations; and Syracuse could read a newspaper of Byzantium, if there were one, and Polybius could read Thucydides, six centuries before him, and never suspect that he could not in a séance understand the language of Thucydides's ghost, if there were one. This written language of Greece was an orthography, nothing more or less, and this is what an orthography meant for Greece: it shaped and maintained a nation, though tribes and States decayed, manners and faiths shifted, and no governmental system stood to represent the national existence; and when in the nineteenth century the little State re-emerged from out the black lava crust of Turkish rule that had submerged and almost choked it, it was an orthography, more than any one thing else, that gave it the breath of a national life. With the outbreak of the Greek Revolution in 1821, the only strand—to be sure, it was a golden thread—that joined the New back to the Old was the language preserved in the service of the faithful ancient Church of the East, and preserved essentially unchanged in outward form from the tongue in which were first written the Epistles and the Gospels.

The modern State is national by virtue, not of unity of blood or faith, but pre-eminently by virtue of unity in the medium of intercourse, primarily by writing, secondarily by speech. Germany has one recognized standard language overlying various shrinking dialects of speech; likewise France, Italy, Holland, Spain. Norway is held aloof from Sweden by a distinct standard of Scandinavian speech, and is turned toward Denmark. Austria-Hungary fails of nationality from lack of a common idiom.

I come now to speak of the English language. This has made more than a nation and more than an empire. The one instance in history of a single language serving two great empires, it has dedicated a broad region belting the globe to free intercourse and equality before the law.

Historically, it is a dialect of the English Midlands elevated by natural processes to supremacy above its colleagues, and gradually extended with the spread of the English empire throughout the world, being enriched and cosmopolitanized, lifted out of its provincialism, and fitted for its broader tasks by materials absorbed from multifold sources, and being simplified in its structure and mechanism by submitting to use in the mouths of men of various minds and various tongues. Prior to the sixteenth century its spelling, though not self-consistent, owing in general to the diversity of the sources of the language and the confusing influence of the French spelling, was still quasi-phonetic; *i. e.*, though it did not always represent the same sound by the same symbol, it undertook to represent the spoken word. The appearance, however, in that century, of an abundant literature, coincident with the development of printing, tended to fix the spelling and remove it from subservience to sound. Its call to a higher and wider use cut the language loose, perforce, from the spoken idiom of any single district or class. Our present orthography may therefore be roughly said to represent nineteenth-century words by means of symbols which, though by no means used with the simplicity and self-consistency of phonetic spelling, really stand for sixteenth-century sounds. At that time the vowel-symbols were used essentially in the "Continental" values. We now, *e.g.*, write the phonetic word *naym* with *a* because it was pronounced *naam* in the sixteenth century, and write *mile* with *i* because it was then pronounced *meel*. We write the word *see* on the one hand *sea*, commemorating its former pronunciation with the open *ay* sound, and on the other as *see*, as a record of the older close *ay* sound. The two words were distinct in Shakespeare's time. The influence of printing, the appearance of

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dictionaries in the eighteenth century, and the patient insistence of teachers and spelling-books through the generations, gradually reduced the orthographic diversity to the present uniformity. It was a long, hard struggle, but it was a struggle which would not have been made had not society had in view an end which it was of serious importance for it to attain. The intensity of the struggle has left its trace in an extraordinary orthographic orthodoxy, or even prudery, which often treats false spelling as a mark of vulgarity, if not of mental inferiority. But this is the way in human affairs with things which seem necessary but cannot give a full rational account of themselves. The fact is that English orthography was compelled, under existing circumstances, to find its source of authority in the hasty crystallizations of usage rather than in the intelligent rulings of a rational tribunal—hence the blind orthodoxy, and herein some claim to forbearance.

As to the resultant orthography, it cannot be denied that many inconsistencies are frozen into its mass. One and the same sound is denoted by various different devices, as when, to cite an extreme case, the voiceless lingual sibilant is indicated by *sh* in *shine*, *si* in *pension*, *s* in *sugar*, *ss* in *issue*, *sci* in *conscious*, *ti* in *nation*, *ci* in *social*, *ce* in *ocean*, and *ch* in *charade*. On the other hand, one and the same device may denote different sounds, as *ough*, which denotes *of* in *cough*, *o* in *dough*, *uf* in *enough*, and *ou* in *plough*. Words of like sound are differently spelled, as *cite*, *site*, *sight*, but this last must be esteemed rather an advantage as an appeal to the eye. It must also be admitted that the language, in its preoccupation with adjusting itself to its importunate tasks, laid itself open to the tricks of false pedantry and rococo decoration, such as the *b* in *debt* and *doubt*, the *gh* in *delight*, the *ue* in *tongue*, the *hy* in *rhyme*. Such are the familiar materials of the oft-repeated indictment against our orthography. It is undoubtedly a barrier to the acquisition of the language now extending itself as a common vehicle of intercourse beyond its natural habitat. In the inevitable discussion of its reform, however, a sober consideration of all that is involved must warn against the rash imperiling through shallow judgment of the greater good for the lesser benefit. Here follow certain points of view.

First. Uniformity in the written language throughout its entire territory in any given period, as the present, is a prime demand of civilized intercourse.

Second. The establishment for the United States of a standard of written English different from that recognized elsewhere in the English-speaking territory is an isolating and divisive movement promising loss and waste to intercourse and culture, and introducing consciousness of contrariety where the opposite is desired. The needless irritation caused by the minor differences already existing points ominously to what would result from greater.

Third. The English language is not the property of the people of the United States, still less of its Government; it is a precious possession of the English-speaking world, and the moral authority to interfere in its regulation must arise out of the entire body and not from a segment thereof.

Fourth. Every person who is born to the use of the language inherits thereby a definite advantage in the world for intellectual gain, for influence and effectiveness, yes, even for commercial success, by very reason of its extension of use in uniformity of standard. This inherited advantage constitutes a vested interest, and must not be trifled with.

Fifth. Any radical change, such as, for instance, would be involved in phonetic writing, would have the effect of cutting us off from the language of Shakespeare and the English Bible, making of this a semi-foreign idiom, to be acquired by special study. Indeed, our entire present library collections of English books would be placed beyond the reach of the ordinary reader, and be as Dutch to his eyes. The bond uniting all the products of the language from the Elizabethan period to the present day creates a very precious heritage for every speaker of the English tongue.

Sixth. The adoption of a phonetic writing, it should futhermore be remembered, would involve imitation of the

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various dialectal types of the spoken language—all of which is highly interesting to phonologists, but to the plain reader anathema. The return to diversity of standard would not be progress, but a long slide backward.

Seventh. Print is addressed to the eye, and the reader's eye, taking in whole words or even the composite form of whole phrases in rapid glance, is disturbed and hindered by abnormal forms of spelling.

Eighth. The proposal gradually to introduce through the co-operation of volunteers a certain number of new spellings, and then, when these are well under way, presumably certain others, seems to promise an era of ghastly confusion in printing offices, and in private orthography and heterography, as well as much irritation to readers' eyes and spirits.

Ninth. The list of three hundred words proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board is a somewhat haphazard collection, following no very clear principle of selection. One hundred and fifty-seven of them, such as *color* for *colour*, are already, in their docked form, familiar to American usage. The remainder seem to owe their inclusion in the list to their having been misspelled a number of times in English literature; thus the *y* is tabooed in *pigmy* (whose original misspelling was a deference to *pig*), not in *synonym;* the older spelling is resumed in *rime* (for rhyme), but not in *gest* for *guest*, or *tung* for *tongue*. There is no excuse, however, for *thru* (for *through*) from any point of view. The symbol *u* carries generally in English the value *yu* (in *use*) or *ŭ* (in *but*); only very rarely, as in *rural, rumor*, has it the value *oo*. *Thru* has not even the authority of error.

The interests here involved are too serious to be treated craftily, or on the principle of the entering wedge. If these are all the changes to be made, they lack system, and are unworthy. If more are to be exacted, let us know what we are doing. The English tongue is our priceless heritage whereby we as a people and as individuals are made members of the widest community of intelligence and freedom in the records of mankind, and sharers of the amplest traditions of vigor, integrity, and self-government; and it behooves us to deal considerately with it, and keep it in honor. This possession, furthermore, we hold in joint title with many peoples in many lands, and we may not ask for the portion of goods that is ours without injuring the rights of others and likewise impairing our own estate and the inheritance of our children. In the jealous keepership of our children and our children's children, the tongue in which our fathers spoke the freedom of the individual man shall become, with the unfolding of the years, the chief instrument of unity and peace among all men.

INTO THE LIGHT

BY ETHEL HOBART

We are Thy children; canst Thou understand
How far from parenthood Thy child may stray?
How he may fill his hours with childish play,
With little games, whose uttermost demand
Is but for scraps of colored candle, fanned
By his delight, and all the winds of May?
"These are the stars," he cries, "the light of day:
These all the pow'rs of darkness shall withstand."

We are Thy children: now the games are done,
Oh, how immense looms Thy eternity!
Now that the candles flicker one by one
And fade into the gloom, I cannot see
Beyond the dark,—how gladly would I run
Into the light, dear Father, home to Thee!

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HAS THE WAR ELIMINATED AMERICA FROM THE FAR EAST?

BY FREDERICK McCORMICK

Mr. McCormick, who was the last of the foreign correspondents to leave Manchuria, lately arrived in this country, and here gives to America the results of his observation of the net result of the war as it concerns us in the struggle for the commercial supremacy of the Far East. Mr. McCormick was the Associated Press correspondent on the Russian side throughout the war, and for six years has been a special correspondent in China. He was the only correspondent who accompanied the Russian army throughout the entire war, and was the author of "The Battle of Liaoyang," "The Battle of Mukden," and "The Flight from Mukden," in Collier's Weekly, the only detailed accounts of these events to reach the world from the Russian side.—THE EDITORS.

AMERICA and all other foreign nations except Japan are on good behavior in China. How may we regain the position to which Secretary Hay brought us? The present moment is important in our relations with China. By the war China has been enabled to eliminate us and nearly all other countries from her home problem—all save Japan. We do not appreciate at this moment the full extent to which we have been eliminated, but this is now the chief event of the war so far as we are concerned. In fact, we are of more real consequence to China as a political and geographical permanence, and prospectively, than any other country save Japan. But the West is suspended in China. So far as politics is concerned, we are shut out, and the nations are on their good behavior and on trial.

To render the moment more dramatic and more consequential, the most important events in the internal affairs of China are in progress while we are thus in suspense. Since the first Japanese victories, China has modernized Peking. The school system is complete in the foremost province, Chili, where are upwards of three thousand modern schools; and defensive and protective organization is in full force according to Western systems. These and other internal enterprises—now that the West is eliminated—are so serious as entirely to absorb the interest and the energies of the Chinese, and will continue to do so for a long time to come. Our place in their affairs has changed. The successful inauguration of entirely new interests in China leaves us in isolation; and on this account, as well as because of our present dilapidated fortunes there, we have a peculiar opportunity for reform.

Our position is unique. Fortunately for us, we have something which neither the Chinese agitators nor envious European land-grabbers can rob us of, namely, the best record politically in the East of any of the Great Powers. John Hay brought our foreign relations in that region up to something which out there is Utopian, ideal—something like political perfection. He appreciated and established in security our proper political relation to China, which to understand we must realize that we are nearer to China than England, nearer than Russia, nearer than any other important nation save Japan. In theory, China has annulled our influence. She has done this with the same magnificent indifference to the immutable which is the chief characteristic of all China's dealings with us outer barbarians. Our prestige for the time being is nil. We enjoy the humiliations of a castigation which we have not in fact wholly deserved, and at a time when we thought ourselves sublime and virtuous. Sad to relate, Hay's work is about the only asset left to us. But it is magnificent, and we have no need to correct our attitude in the main. Our policy is aplomb. We need only to go on at full speed in

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that respect while restoring the confidence and respect of the Chinese by mending our manners and our conduct.

The weak points in our behavior are especially the customs management of Chinese not properly the subjects of our special exclusion laws, and the breaking of faith with China in the matter of special privileges received from the Chinese Government. The Chinese do not understand the trading about of concessions granted by them to foreigners. "High finance" did not leave China unmolested. The exploitation of the Chinese through the Hankow-Canton railway concession is one of its adventures, and if this is one of its important achievements, as it concerned one of the largest concessions ever given to foreigners, then "high finance" can be assured that the achievement helped to destroy American prestige and damaged every American interest in China. The American holders manipulated it in the share market and traded it about until a time when the Chinese were almost hysterical concerning the possession of their concessions by foreigners, and then bought it back in a fit of desperation at a figure in excess of its value—some say four times its value. This breaking of faith in a vast enterprise of such great moment to China. together with the rude and contemptuous treatment by our Government of the best class of Chinese who have attempted to visit the United States, are offenses which the Chinese have not forgiven. It is in our enthusiastic regard for the enlightenment in Western knowledge of the Chinese people and in our political dealings that we have the best record. We need only push on, realizing at the same time that now is the time to mend.

Every thoughtful American ought to be able to take an intelligent stand on the questions that are the substance of our disagreements with China and the cause of dispute among ourselves. Trade, politics, and missions, educational and religious, are the questions to understand and to strip of misinformation and prejudice.

In respect of commerce with the East, perhaps the most important thing for traders is to concede to the Japanese and to the enterprising Chinese their place in Western manufacture for their own trade, even as imitators of our products, especially machinery. This they will have, must have, for self-protection. If we are to continue to regard the East as a field for exploit and for treasure-hunting purely, we will be aroused one day by a vengeance that will put the fear of God into us. A course of monopoly and attempt to exploit Manchurians was the very thing that Russia pursued. And it was twice defeated—once by the Chinese and once by the Japanese. Our line is clear and distinct. It is to push the Japanese along, encouraging them to do as much as they can of the heavy pioneer work, industrial and political and educational. They must and will do it, for it is to their safety and advantage to do it. We want the Chinese and the Japanese on a high economic and educational plane where they can understand more, want more, and afford more. This is the only way in which they can be of more service to us and to all the world. It is paramount that we see our interests as identical if we want to progress in our relations and to avoid catastrophe. An adjustment must come about between us, and there must be all in common between us that we can advise by continuous enterprise. It is not necessary that trade in China should remain primitive and exclusive in order that our interests and our influence prosper. We are now lodging against the East, when it borrows from us in commerce and manufacture, complaints which Europe has always charged against us. While promoting and protecting our manufactures as best we may, we must advance China toward the summit of our own economic level. Japan is getting to that level herself. We know that nations take a common course and are fraternal. If we have only gotten so far as to quarrel with the East for making our machinery and our trade products as they have utilized our sciences and learning, then we have a long way to go to recover our lost dignity and to secure amity and reciprocity from nations like China. The American boycott is a new manifestation of Chinese competence. Competence is a characteristic of the Chinese race. Now is our

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opportunity to realize this and make impossible an irresolute policy in regard to assisting China into independence and equality. The conduct of foreigners brought about the boycott. Our share is more than that of mere criminality and provocation. We are responsible in two directions. We are partners in its success. We educated the Chinese up to doing it. It was in 1901, when the Chinese were at the lowest point of respectability and standing in the world, that we took up cudgels against our own laws and their execution against Chinese. In China trades and commercial unions have reached a kind of ideal perfection through, as we are in the habit of saying, the vicissitudes of "thousands of years." When, therefore, we had educated the Chinese up to the enormity of inflicting upon us our own offense against them, and the possibilities of retaliation and redress, and when the success of the Japanese in war placed the Chinese in a position of safety from other nations, they were prepared to challenge and to antagonize and threaten us. We therefore can take a good deal of credit and responsibility for the boycott. We have been hoist indirectly on our own petard, and we have as well unsuspectingly laid the mine for other nations. This point is generally overlooked, and is most important. As our isolation during the past year is the main result of the war to us, so the relative position of our competitors is the key to our opportunities and our future.

The nations fell away from their position of menace before the Chinese nation like tenpins when the success of the Japanese became assured. It was as if every victory was an immense cannonball that rolled entirely around the world. We now see such nations as Russia, Germany, and France competing for the good will of the Chinese. There is a formidable and a sanguinary rivalry. The collapse of Russia's programme and the ascent of Japan so completely defeated Germany that the Imperial German Legation in Peking was reduced to the extremity of agitating the withdrawal of the foreign troops from Chili in the forlorn hope of mending her isolation and chagrin. It was a *volte* face: Germany was without a plan of state, and has been for some time in the unenviable situation of undignified and humiliating suspension in mid-air. France's position in China is peculiar. Extensive and long-established mission interests and a southern frontier render her authority secure, yet she shared the downfall of Russia in the East. Her course has been correct in diplomacy, yet she is at her wits' ends to mend her position, which has been characterized by distrust of and menace to the Chinese and by distrust and discrediting of both Chinese and Japanese. China and Japan may be considered from our standpoint as one, for, in the larger and more important sense, the elimination of the West was established by Japan. It is this fact that has changed the world, and that will continue to change it. None are in the same class with Japan. Japan is secure upon her own ground, in her natural field, at home, and no mere outsider can compete with her. She is placed above competition with us by her natural relation to China and the Chinese. The most important nation in trade is Great Britain, and her situation is interesting. It is surprising that British trade has escaped to this day. When the American boycott began, the British Minister at Peking, recognizing the vulnerability of all foreign enterprise in China, denounced it as a very dangerous movement that ought to be immediately extinguished. The reason for this apprehension for British trade and enterprise in China is, in part, as follows: British syndicates hold the largest mining concessions ever given in China. On account of the treatment of their railway franchises by Americans, and the great extent of their natural resources, which are exposed, and will be for years, to the vagaries of foreign speculation, with no hope of advantage to China, the Chinese are at present almost fanatical about the question of regaining control of all franchises held by foreigners—and this is entirely right in principle. One of the largest of these syndicates is in such a dangerous position now, because of its vast holdings and intrigues, that every effort is made to screen its doings from publicity, and whenever a press representative ventures

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in the direction of their plant, strict orders are given to all employees to say nothing having any bearing upon the syndicate's affairs. This syndicate has, in fact, taken a leaf from the handbook of the American railway concessionaires, and appears to be marketing its holdings to the Chinese at the same panic prices. It is a conscienceless exploitation of a half-frenzied people. The syndicate of which I speak has already sold a railway, built to carry its coal product to tide-water, to the Chinese to quiet their fears, and is investing money in costly improvements at its mines, while at the same time reducing the output of coal. When the railway becomes bankrupt, which is inevitable without the coal cargo for which it was built, the Chinese will have to purchase the mines; and when that point is reached, road, light, and other improvements on an extravagant scale will enter into the foreigners' appraisement. The Chinese, when they have purchased back these costly concessions, given in the first instance for a song, will be compelled to appeal to foreigners for capital. The holdings of the British are greater than those of any other nation, and British interests will be in the end the greatest sufferers.

This is the position of Britain. The position of Germany, who has pushed her aggression in a manner if possible even more offensive to the Chinese, is precarious. We do not exult in this; it may be thus mentioned to show that the present situation affects all, that it was logical and inevitable, and that we are not the only but merely the first subjects of retaliatory political and trade measures which belong to Chinese progress and to the new era to which we are so unceremoniously introduced. Comparatively, our position is not bad. In fact, it will be seen at once that accident and our own harmlessness to China has made us the safest and therefore the easiest victims, and that the knife is hanging over the heads of the others now. But as we are the first to suffer, we may be the first to profit. Along with the experience, we have the first opportunity. Our depredations are in no sense vast and even dangerous as are those of Russia, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, and France. The Chinese have a good understanding of the relative menace of the different foreign nationalities or organizations of human political societies known as Great Britain, America, Germany, France, Japan, etc. China is a nation and race of two hundred and fifty millions of competent human beings, perfectly capable of doing all the ordinary and extraordinary things known to us as civilization and progress when once they make up their minds to it.

Before passing on it is well to lay down for everlasting remembrance the burning story of our mistakes. We are in one respect exactly like every other nation that has to deal with unadvanced peoples; we have to rely upon *prestige*. Just now we have no prestige in China, because we have executed our laws savagely against a sensitive and highly civilized people, because we have abused franchises intrusted to us, and have sustained some concessionaires and some public servants of doubtful integrity in one way and another in China. The American concessionaire looking for Chinese concessions was last summer the very last individual welcomed in our State Department or in the Legation in Peking. We did not want to entertain any imitators of the Hankow-Canton railway concession adventure. The bigots and alarmists who are responsible for our ignorant and discourteous treatment of Chinese in our own country have been shamed into retirement. Public gaze has disclosed the nefarious adventures of some public officials in China, and those officials are swept out of sight. But we have not yet entirely recovered. The Chinese must yet ask assistance of us, because Europe will not remain defeated. But our conduct must be circumspect. If it is, we can meet any situation, perilous or otherwise. We are now in a position to go on. We have the opportunity to be sane and circumspect.

Politically our responsibility is a comparatively easy one, though we are bound to be more and more interested and involved. The prospect of unity and power in the world which the future promises to the Chinese inspires us to cultivate the best possible understanding with and appreciation of them.

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So much has already happened to the Chinese and so much is possible that we are already influenced by them. The West must be modified by the East in economics, ethics, and religion. A compromise has already reached a certain headway. Interaction cannot go on or even take place without compromise and change. We should therefore be up and doing, and taking cognizance of each forward step and its consequences. The world is being brought together in our day, and now is our opportunity to do our part without prejudice and passion.

In politics, therefore, we are obliged by logic and sincerity in the love of advancement to support Japan in the reorganization of the East. Whatever she can do for the progress of Asia we must encourage and assist. We ought to give her the glad hand because she can do more than any other nation to adjust China to the outside world. The superstitious dread of the future which is a part of the dark ages still clinging to us has led Occidentals to suspect and slander the Japanese, who are working ahead fearfully and hopefully, as are we all. We know at heart that Japan has a terribly serious and dangerous task, and that if she succeeds she will have done the world an immeasurable benefit. Now is the accepted time to learn more about the Chinese, and to support a high and liberal if not a generous policy. Politically, our course is well defined and laid out for us. The sea is no longer a barrier but a tie. We bring the seas together so that the world may gather about us. A sea service of American ships the equal of which Russia perhaps never will have, and which will vie with Britain's and follow closely upon Japan's, will in the future heave and haul in China's countless havens, and we shall be grateful for her asylum and compensation.

Among their first acts in the reconstruction in Peking after Boxerism the nations passionately reclaimed their missionary nationals of the Catholic faith from the care of France, who had always acted as the "protector of the Church." Austrian, Italian, German, Belgian, all were instantly reclaimed by their respective nations. Missions have become such a factor and of such consequence in international relations with China that every active American must be able to take a position on the question.

Two great facts of this much-contested question which on the actual field strike the observer are, first, the extensive hostility and general indifference of the foreigners in the treaty ports to missions and missionaries, and, second, the office which these people perform of furnishing almost the sole *matériel critique* to the opponents of missions out of China. One residing in China is never permitted to forget this. The reader's attention is called to some additional facts; namely, that only about five per cent. (estimated) of tourists and travelers visit North China and the capital—or did so before 1903—and not more than one per cent. ever visit the missions and any part of the interior. The foreign communities are ranged on the shore of China and on protected river banks accessible from the sea. The missionaries are in the interior. It may be put in this way: The missionaries are *in* China, the communities are *at* China. The community residents and business people carry on their relations with China *through a go-between native*, and the missionaries deal with the people and live among them. The two classes are therefore distinct, and they are widely separated in aims and feelings from each other. As a rule, the society of a foreign community in China is centered about a club, of which the most conspicuous elements are the bar, race-track, and bookmaker. The life, for the most part, of the communities is in direct antagonism to that of missionaries. The life of the missionaries is a constant protest against the life in the communities; and, as a rule, the missionaries, I find, deprecate the exhibition of foreign vice which our communities display to the Chinese, because they imagine or actually experience a direct unfavorable effect upon their work from it. Here are all the requisites for antagonism. The situation is about as the situation is at home and everywhere. The best intentions and the best ideals that we hold as a civilization meet with opposition and contumely wherever they are advanced, because they are a protest and an obstacle to existing things. In

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China the missionary is more than an average man, and he is up against a real problem and a hard proposition. He is in the glow and fever of the forge, a man on the outpost where there is a continuous battle—no truce whatever. On the other hand, the community people are in protected settlements that are, in fact, little sections of foreign countries shut off from the general filth, corruption, and misrule of Chinese. It can be instantly seen that the average community man is, therefore, not in a position to appreciate to the best advantage the missionary's life and his work, especially if his inclinations are anti-religious. If religion is something of an attainment, and piety a talent, it is easy to conclude that not many of us are qualified by knowledge and insight to criticise and oppose it. We must make up our minds on general principles of right and wrong and choose to support the good everywhere. As for policy, there is no self-interest as respects our trade and American institutions that can be better served than by our missions among the people of China. The achievements of missionaries are generally overlooked. We should remember their contributions to our knowledge of China and the Chinese, their fitting of Western learning to the native tongue, etc. The present passion for foreign learning is the most important manifestation in China. Mr. E. T. Williams, Chinese Secretary at the American Legation at Peking, says, "The present educational movement in China owes much more to the missionaries than appears on the surface." There is the better part of missionary achievement in China that is not understood. Coming from a scholar of seventeen years' experience in China, this statement by Mr. Williams is worth more than the detractions of an army of mere travelers. We must, as Americans, quit thoughtless condemnation of missions and give aid to all kinds of effort to reach the Chinese people.

Our isolation can, under normal conditions, be only temporary. We have a good trade position in the East, and our position in the political and intellectual East is magnificent. The possibilities, therefore, for American trade and American ideals are immeasurable. American schools, colleges, hospitals, in China and Japan are the admiration of all foreigners and of every open-eyed American visitor.

It is not generally realized what a chaotic state American opinion and judgment on China reaches and has very recently reached. For example, no conclusion that we have reached for years has left us in such an absurd and undignified position as the agitation we promoted last February about Chinese internal troubles and the imminence of another anti-foreign war. Telegrams circulated all over the world showed the apprehension of the American Government. The Department of Agriculture sent a telegram to one of its explorers at Shanghai advising him to "avoid danger and seek refuge in Japan at discretion." No unusual event had occurred among the Chinese since Boxerism except the peaceable boycott of American products. No organized hostility or unusual untoward manifestation toward foreigners had appeared to excite reasonable apprehension. The foreign residents in China wondered what the American Government meant, and the intelligent and patient Chinese of sense and knowledge in America carefully and sincerely exerted themselves to set the public mind right. Our opportunities may be listed. They are:

To correct our manners.

To better our knowledge of China, and surrender hysterics for understanding.

To accept China as a neighbor.

To participate in all foreign trade lines in China.

To monopolize the bulk of large engineering enterprises in China for the Chinese.

To extend banks and missions.

To perfect the consular and diplomatic services, and increase the number of scholars in the language of China.

To attract Chinese students to America by special treatment and advantages.

To propagate American ideals in China and extend the English tongue there.

To unite public opinion in all parties on a strong and sensible Chinese policy.

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To kill the yellow peril bogy palmed off on us by Russia and Germany.

To stop condemnation of missions and quarreling among ourselves, and to assist every American interest, together with the Legation in Peking in its difficult situation, in strengthening its position.

To displace American concession-hunters who seek to imitate the example of the speculators who manipulated the Hankow-Canton railway concession.

To control rigorously the immoral waste American floating population on the China coast.

While only a short time ago our trade was nearly amorphous, we had thrown away the big things, such as the construction of railways, which we were fitted to do and in which field there was no Eastern competition, and were quarreling with the Chinese over cigarette trade-marks and pasteboard boxes, in which department of trade we encounter both Chinese and Japanese and must soon probably give up to them. In the meantime, Great Britain, Russia, Belgium, France, and even Portugal, are constructing railways and will be ready for the new conditions of the near future, as they have been equal to the opportunities of the present.

The fact that we are so near to China, that a new era has set in, and that we have erred at a great cost both to China and ourselves, makes the best knowledge of China indispensable. Only China could do a thing so audacious and impossible as to eliminate an indispensable neighbor and friend, such as, in fact, we are. Still, it is her ancient way, and may continue to remain her spasmodic whim, as it has been her habit, until she reaches a stage considerably in advance of that in which began her progress. But in the meantime we have opportunities open to us which come only after such great events as have occurred in the last two years, and we should not neglect them.

A GENTILE CHILD AMONG THE MORMONS

BY MARIE OVERTON CORBIN

SOON after the close of the war my father resigned his commission in the regular army, and was given a Government appointment which took him to Salt Lake City. As his stay there was to be at least four years, and possibly longer, the wife and five children were made ready and started on what was then a tedious and somewhat hazardous journey. The Union Pacific Railroad put down Salt Lake passengers at Ogden, from which point the journey was made by the Wells-Fargo stage-coaches. Robbery of the mail or the express company's safes *en route* was then no uncommon occurrence, and the stages had several times been held up by Indians as well; so the forty-mile drive behind plunging, half-broken horses from Ogden to Salt Lake City was a thrilling experience for a tenderfoot, and one that caused even the hardened old miner to keep his eyes and ears open and his hand close to his pistol.

Our first home, after a short stay in the one hotel that Salt Lake City afforded, was in a rather pretentious adobe house, with a mixed establishment gathered from the many nationalities brought thither by the Mormon missionaries. The gardener and man-of-all-work was Scotch, the cook Norwegian, the seamstress an immigrant from New Zealand, the waitress an English girl, and the nurse a negress. So general a congress of nations was by no means uncommon, as Salt Lake City at that time was a gathering of drift from all over the world.

Next to our adobe stood a large frame dwelling, with a broad garden separated from ours by a board fence. It was the home of a seven-wived Mormon bishop, but the seven wives were not all next-door neighbors—only two ladies of the

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unhappy assortment occupied the handsome structure whose ball-room was to prove a glorious playhouse for my brothers and me. The acquaintance with these Mormon children was made through cracks in the garden fence. To us they were just like any other children, and the fact that they had several mothers was something which, if it surprised us at first, we soon accepted as a matter of course. These half-brothers and sisters played happily enough together, and when they offered to exchange some of the dark plums from their tree for some of the yellow fruit from ours, we young Gentiles climbed over into the Mormon back yard, and a friendship which lasted during an eight years' stay in Salt Lake was then and there sealed. I think perhaps it was first so firmly cemented by the sugar from our barrel, for this—or, indeed, any sweet except molasses—was an almost unknown luxury in Salt Lake at that time, and candy was never tasted by the little Mormons. A lump of our common coffee sugar was a bribe sufficient for almost any return we cared to ask, and I remember it was the "gate money" which my brothers offered in a "mill" with a little Mormon bully—I being the other principal and the victor.

A gentle, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl became my particular friend, and, if her mother was a polygamous wife, she was a lady "for a' that," and her children had better breeding and more refinement than some of their Gentile companions. Among the "aunts" (as the other mothers were called) of my friends were some cultivated women, but at least two of this bishop's wives must have been annexed for reasons of State or Church, as they were ignorant and quite ordinary. Other reasons than affinity often dictated the plural marriages, and the Tithing House came to the relief of those Church dignitaries whose means were insufficient for the support of numerous households.

Bishop H., whose children we knew very intimately, was a well-educated Eastern man, and though he was a power in the Church, he was to us children just the jolly, good-natured father of our playmates, and we hailed with delight his periodical stay at their house. He spent a week with each wife, and as there were seven, the children saw the father in their home once in seven weeks. His rare visits were thus naturally times of celebration, each wife vying with all the others to make his stay in that particular house the memorable one of the circuit. Extravagance was rampant; no wife cared to economize in any way so that another wife might thereby have more to spend. The household arrangements where more than one wife lived under the same roof were necessarily somewhat peculiar. The family living next door to us consisted of two mothers and their respective broods of Mormonlets. Through the center of the house ran a large hall, which divided the living apartments of Emmeline and Sarah, and in the beginning (before the bishop who called Emmeline and Sarah "wife" had had much experience in plural marriages) he instituted a common dining-room and kitchen for the use of the two families. There was continual war, needless to say, and the peaceful-looking dining-hall and kitchen were in a fair way of becoming battlefields. Even the children, who, when out-of-doors, played as amicably as children ever play, felt the warrior blood surge through their veins the moment they sniffed the atmosphere of these rooms. Things finally reached such a pass that poor Bishop H. had the rooms divided by a partition.

Our first introduction to the religious side of Mormondom was gained in the company of a Mormon nursemaid, who was beguiled into taking us to the Conference by "cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-die" promises of good behavior. The enormous building, seating thirteen thousand persons, and the solemn-looking President, two Councilors, twelve Apostles, the Seventies, the Patriarch, the high priests, elders, bishops, priests, teachers, and deacons, seated in a semicircular group on an elevated platform, made a sight calculated to inspire something akin to awe even in the minds of the small unbelievers present. The great organ pealed forth, and when the congregation joined in with thirteen-thousand voice-power we were moved to song, and lifted up our childish voices in a good Episcopalian hymn—the only sort we knew.

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That we sang an entirely different meter discouraged us not at all; and when we ended a bar or so behind the multitude, neither the consternation of the nurse nor the disapproving looks of our neighbors abashed us in the least. We sang just as many verses as the others did, and were starting on another stanza when the congregation suddenly sat down, and we were left standing alone, with open mouths, from which a faltering, quavering note was jerked into space by the nurse's emphatic tug at our nether garments.

At that time only the foundations and footings of the walls of the huge granite Temple were built, but these clearly showed in plan the curiously divided rooms and passages which, since the walls were raised, have been closely hidden from Gentile eyes. To us they looked like a labyrinth, and we invented all sorts of weird rites and ceremonies for the different chambers.

Not far from the Temple were two grim, mysterious buildings, surrounded by high walls, which were a never-failing source of interest to us. The first was the Endowment House, where all good Mormons were baptized, confirmed, and married. The ceremonies were secret, but it was supposed that there was a laying on of hands and an anointing with oil. At the first one of these religious initiations a sanctified undergarment was adopted by the Latter-Day Saint, and if he lived up to the teachings of the Church this was worn all through life. These garments were made of muslin or cotton flannel, and resembled the combination suit of to-day. There was a buttonhole worked on the left breast and one on the left knee, the meaning of which my inquiring mind was never able to fathom. The marriage robes were white, and fell from the shoulder in soft folds. An apron of bright green, similar in size and shape to the Masonic apron, was worn with these white robes, and a sort of belt or girdle. This ceremonial dress was the same for men and women, except that the women wore a short white veil falling over the face. These marriage robes were laid aside and used for shrouds when death claimed the owner.

Another of these walled inclosures contained the Museum, with a zealous superintendent called by the Mormons "Brother Barfoot." Taught by experience the uselessness of trying to scale ten-foot adobe walls, we meekly paid our "two bits" at the entrance and passed quickly through the cut-and-dried collections indoors to the yard where the native creatures were kept. The snake cage inspired my brother with the idea of adding to his weekly allowance by capturing a live rattler and selling it to the Museum, and Brother Barfoot, in all seriousness, offered two bits for a large one, and suggested that a good plan would be for one of us to hold an open bag while another poked the snake in. But these business dealings were suddenly broken off when the Brother shortly afterward caught us in the very act of plucking a much-longed-for tail feather from a screeching peacock, and, confiscating our prize, turned us out in disgrace.

But if we feared neither Mormon elder nor curator, there were things that filled us with terror, and chief among them was a half-crazy old man with flowing white hair and beard, who used to drive through the streets yelling and gesticulating, and to our minds embodied unknown terrors. It was said that he was one of the Mountain Meadows gang, and that his madness was the result of that day's horrible deed. One of our occasional boy playmates was a survivor of the massacre. He and his sister crept behind some bushes, and, peering out from there, saw their parents and friends murdered. The treacherous, swift-running Jordan could have told many a tale of dark deeds, I think, for those at the head of the Church did not believe in burdening the community with crippled or idiotic members, and the unfortunate ones dropped out. One woman, whose confidence my mother gained, said that her weak-minded son disappeared one evening, and she never dared ask what had become of him. Later the city was overrun with all manner of cripples, who, believing the Mormon missionaries, had come to Zion to be cured by the laying on of hands.

"Gentile," according to the Mormon definition, of course, meant merely

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non-Mormon. As a matter of fact, the Gentile colony included both Jews and Christians, and the conditions brought them together in unusually close social relations. As time went on, and the Mormon colony was necessarily forced into closer contact with the general civilization of the country, the reign of terror naturally died out. Among the adults Gentiles and Mormons did not mingle much more than formerly, but the children did not recognize any barriers. When my older sister was planning to leave for an Eastern boarding-school, two of Brigham Young's daughters were eager to go with her, and asked their father to send them. With his usual bland suavity he replied:

"My dear daughters, nothing would give me more pleasure than to gratify your wish in this matter, but, you know, if I send you to boarding-school I should have to send all the other children, and that, you know, I could not do."

Through my acquaintance with the Apostle's daughter I met one of the Young boys, and we forthwith fell in love. The meetings were not as frequent as our ardent passion craved, for he went to the Mormon school, while Gentile children attended the schools of Episcopal, Methodist, or whatever church the parents were identified with. (The ministers of the different churches were called "Professor" during the week, and secular class-rooms were used for Sunday-school as well.) Unable to meet often, we decided to intrust our messages to Uncle Sam, and the course of true love might have run on and finally enlisted me in a regiment of Mrs. Youngs but for the intervention of fate. Having no stamp for my first billet-doux, and having squandered my last nickel in riotous peppermint lozenges, I resorted to the waste-paper basket, and found what seemed to me a perfectly good stamp. The postmaster was not of the same opinion, unfortunately, and he actually broke the seal of my sacred communication and took the letter to my father. The rest of the story is veiled in tears, and before the wounds had fairly healed I made the acquaintance of my beloved's father, Brigham Young. A prominent minister from the States was visiting us, and when he called on the head of the Mormon Church I was permitted to go along. President Young was at that time staying in the "Bee-Hive House"—one of a row of imposing white mansions, which took its name from a gilded hive on the very top. He received the grown-up members of the party most graciously, and for my amusement wound up a beautiful automatic singing bird. During the visit, when the subject of religion came up, the eminent divine, in quoting a passage of Scripture, made some trifling mistake, and was promptly corrected by Brigham. When the call was over, President Young sent us over to the Tabernacle in his own carriage, drawn by two large, snow-white mules in gold-plated harness.

My recollections of our outdoor life and of our wanderings outside of the city are among the happiest of all. There were long days in the sage-brush, when we younger children proudly tramped behind my brother's gun (he was nearly twelve years old) and carried home the rabbits, or, rarely, had the wild excitement of shooting at the swarming flocks of wild duck in the ponds and carrying home the game—and the lame shoulder.

There was a wonderful cave, too, halfway up the mountains, where we played Indians to our hearts' content, and I, though only a "squaw," had my share of glory and adventure. Now there is a summer resort at the place, and a railway from Salt Lake. Convention has reasserted itself, and much that was characteristic of early Mormonism has disappeared. The new order is better, but I doubt if any children there have freer or happier lives than we had in the days when Brigham Young was supreme in the Mormon councils, and exercised an almost independent sovereignty over his people.

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THE ATTITUDE OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

TWO of the most important factors in the great and complex problem of Russia's future are the army and the people. If the army, or a majority of it, turns against the Czar, the autocracy is likely to be overthrown by force; while if the people oppose the existing Government, either actively by arson, pillage, and assassination, or passively by refusal to pay taxes and render military service, the Empire will go into bankruptcy and a change in the structure of the State will become an economic if not a political necessity. Recent events at Vladivostok, Sevastopol, Cronstadt, Sveaborg, Deshlagar, and many other military centers have thrown some light upon the temper of the army and the navy; but with regard to the feeling and attitude of the people, Russian telegrams have given us comparatively little information. We know that there is a great deal of excitement and disorder among the peasants, and that troops are called out every day to disperse meetings, break up processions, and protect from pillage the estates of the landed proprietors; but we do not know with certainty whether the causes that produce such excitement and disorder are economic or political—whether the common people are making a violent protest against local agrarian conditions that impoverish them, or whether they are attempting to show their sympathy and solidarity with revolutionists, terrorists, and other active enemies of the existing bureaucratic régime. Social and political conditions in Russia are such as to make the collection of accurate and detailed information with regard to the temper of the people extremely difficult; but it is possible, nevertheless, to bring together facts from Russian life which are interesting and instructive, if not conclusive; and to a few such facts I invite the reader's attention. The social phenomena that I shall try to describe do not manifest themselves everywhere, and may not be characteristic of the whole population, but they are at least common enough and general enough to serve as an index to public feeling in a large part of the Empire.

Nothing, perhaps, in recent Russian history is more noteworthy and significant than the intense interest taken by the common people in the elections to the Duma, and the excitement and enthusiasm shown by the crowds that assembled at the railway stations and steamboat landings when the Liberal delegates started for St. Petersburg. Take, for example, the scene at the railway station in Saratoff on the 5th of last May, when the Constitutional Democratic and Labor delegates took train for the capital. According to the Saratoff Day, twenty thousand people assembled to see them off. There were ladies with bouquets of flowers for presentation to the delegates; clerks, teachers, and professional men from the "intelligensia" or educated class; artisans in colored shirts and greasy caps from the workshops and factories; and thousands of peasants in sheepskin coats and muddy top-boots who had tramped in from the suburban villages to bid their representatives good-by. A strong cordon of troops had been drawn around the station, and it was apparently the intention of the local authorities to prevent anything like a "demonstration;" but the multitude was so great that it could not be controlled without murderous violence, and the officers on the spot, who were apparently taken by surprise, dared not resort to extreme measures. Even in Russia twenty thousand people, keyed up to a high pitch of enthusiasm and excitement, cannot be dispersed without bloodshed.

When the delegates arrived, a table was brought out of the station, and, mounting this improvised rostrum, one

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representative after another addressed the immense crowd. Only a few could hear the speeches, but all could feel the spirit of them, and at every period there was a great roar of applause. When all the delegates had spoken, V. N. Polyak, the leader of the labor organizations, sprang upon the table, and, after a brief but impassioned address, shouted, "Citizens! There stand the troops. They have not fired yet, but when the bureaucracy compels them to do so, they will shoot down the people!" Mr. Polyak tried to say more, but his reference to the use of troops excited the crowd, and in reply to the suggestion of forcible repression, an immense body of factory operatives began singing the Marseillaise. Thousands of voices joined in the chorus, and the great wave of sound put a stop to the speaking and drowned even the roar of the approaching train.[1] When the long line of carriages drew up in front of the station, the excitement reached its height. People fought for flowers from the delegates' bouquets; the railway employees, instead of attending to their duties, seized Mr. Litvinoff, one of the most popular of the representatives, and tossed him in the air; and another mighty choir, outside the barrier of the station, struck up the revolutionary song, "Za vami idyot svezhikh ratnikof stroi"—

> "Fresh recruits from the ranks
> Will give you support
> In the great work
> Of freeing the people."

The delegates finally took their seats in a first-class carriage which had been reserved for them, and amid shouts, hurrahs, and the hoarse roar of thousands of voices, the train got under way. The people, with bared heads, watched it until it passed out of sight, and then began to disperse—the labor organizations marching from the station in a procession, singing that menacing revolutionary song, "The Whirlwind of Wrath." Suddenly one of their leaders held up his hand and shouted, "Comrades! Stop singing! The chief of police threatens volley firing if we don't stop."

"Let him fire!" replied one of the factory operatives. "Sing away, comrades!"

"Hold on!" cried a fresh young voice. "Don't let's spoil a bright day! We'll get what we want without singing." The music ceased, and the procession marched in dead silence past the stern-faced, scowling chief of police, past the commanding officer of the troops, who was sitting on a drum fingering the butt of his revolver; and past serried ranks of soldiers, whose faces were as impassive and expressionless as so many masks of stone.

At Kurdum, Tatishcheff, Atkarsk, and several other stations where the train stopped in the vicinity of Saratoff, crowds of peasants had assembled, with red flags, and the delegates addressed them from the car windows. At the station of Kurdum, the old white-haired father of the peasant delegate Anikin was standing on the platform, and as he embraced the young man and bade him good-by he said impressively, "Never retreat, my son!" From the station of Riazhsk, where the train crossed the boundary of the province, the delegates sent to the people of Saratoff the following telegram:

"Your magnificent farewell to us, and the great hymn of freedom so mightily sung by tens of thousands of voices, will never be effaced from our memory. As we leave the province of Saratoff, filled with a consciousness of sacred duty and with unshakable faith in your strength, we send you, citizens, our greeting and our good-by."

Send-offs of this kind, which were given to the Liberal delegates in scores of places, seem to me to be an indication that the Russian people are awakening to a knowledge of their condition and are beginning to feel a consciousness of power. But the feelings that inspire them and the objects that they have in view are sometimes shown in ways that are even more remarkable and significant. Early in May a great throng of peasants, accompanied by a priest of

[1] The words and music of the Marseillaise have been learned by all labor organizations in Russia, as well as by tens of thousands of peasants, and the French revolutionary hymn is now sung by marching parties of workmen, by political exiles, and by opponents of the Government generally, in all parts of the Empire, from St Petersburg to Vladivostok. A suggestion of the French Revolution is also to be found in the general use of the word "Citizens!" by liberal and revolutionary orators.

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the Greek Church, assembled on the railway track between Nizhni-Novgorod and Moscow, and flagged an express train which was carrying half a dozen Liberal members of the Duma to St. Petersburg. Forcibly holding the train and getting the delegates together, the peasants asked the latter to take an oath, before the priest, that they would make a firm stand for the rights and interests of the people, and that they would not return without "land and liberty."

In many cases the common people showed unmistakably, not only that they wanted "land and liberty," but that they heartily sympathized with violent and revolutionary attempts to obtain those blessings. In June the condemned terrorist, Miss M. A. Spiridonova, left Moscow, under strong guard, for the East Siberian mines. The authorities tried in every possible way to keep the date of her departure a secret, in order to prevent sympathetic "demonstrations;" but there are revolutionists, apparently, in all the Russian telegraph offices, and the movements of the "Spiridonova train" were wired ahead in time enough to enable hundreds of people in eastern Russia and western Siberia to assemble at the stations and give her an enthusiastic greeting as she passed through on her way to penal servitude.

On the 8th of July, when a party of eighty political exiles left Odessa for the northern provinces of Vologda and Archangel, several thousand people marched from the prison to the railway station with them, singing the Marseillaise. A strong force of police and Cossacks kept the sympathizing escort at a distance, but could not prevent it from giving expression to its feeling in revolutionary songs, nor from hurrahing and shouting greetings and good-bys to the prisoners as the train pulled out of the station.

On the 18th of April a party of twenty-two politicals left the East Siberian town of Chita for the mines of Akatui. An immense crowd of sympathizers, of both sexes, gathered at the prison, and, in spite of the efforts of the police to restrain them, marched with the convicts to the railway station. The politicals, as they took their places at the grated windows of the cars, struck up the Marseillaise, and the crowd on the platform joined in the chorus, waving hats, handkerchiefs, and parasols in the wildest enthusiasm. As the train left the station and passed the private car of General Rennencamp, which was standing on a side track, the prisoners suddenly dropped the Marseillaise and began singing:

> "Strike off the fetters
> That keep us enslaved,
> And freedom we'll
> Teach you to love;"

and to this music they went into penal servitude in one of the most dreaded mines of the trans-Baikal.

The public sympathy shown to politicals in some parts of Russia seems to have alarmed the local authorities and led them to take extraordinary precautions against rescue. On the 11th of May, for example, a party of forty political exiles, destined for Siberia, were sent northward from Kherson at midnight, a time when it was thought that most people would be in their beds. Notwithstanding, however, the lateness of the hour, several thousand persons assembled to see them off, and they marched to the steamer landing by torchlight, under guard of five hundred soldiers and police accompanied by a rapid-fire gun detachment from one of the garrison batteries. Only forty men! And yet they had to be guarded by a whole battalion, with field artillery, under command of a major-general!

The demonstrations of sympathy with political exiles are sometimes almost official in their character. Early in May, Professor Gredeskul, of the University of Kharkoff, was banished as a political criminal to the province of Archangel. He had hardly reached his destination when he was elected a member of the Duma, and Mr. Goremykin, who meanwhile had become Prime Minister, ordered him sent back to St. Petersburg. When, on his return journey, he passed through Vologda, a large part of the population of the city assembled at the station to greet him, and the Mayor, acting officially in behalf of the City Council, extended to him the compliments and congratulations of the municipality.

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One of the most remarkable demonstrations of public sympathy for politicals was that witnessed in Tsaritsin on the 3d of May, when the people of the city followed to the cemetery the bodies of two men who had been shot by the Cossacks while marching in a "freedom procession" on Labor Day. So much feeling had been roused by the action of the troops in firing upon a peaceable and unarmed procession in the streets that the Governor of the province thought it prudent to allow a public funeral, and the whole population of the city took part in it. All shops, factories, and places of business were closed, and an immense procession, carrying wreaths of flowers and red flags draped with black, marched from the church to the graveyard, between solid walls of people, singing the funeral song of the Russian revolutionists:

"Thou hast fallen as a victim
In the struggle for the right."

In front of the city prison, where many politicals were confined, the funeral procession stopped, and, from grated windows hung with improvised flags of red and black, two prisoners addressed the throng in speeches that were so eloquent and sympathetic as to break down completely the hearers' composure and self-restraint. Hundreds of faces were wet with tears, and scores of women were crying hysterically aloud. In the history of the French Revolution there are few incidents more touching or dramatic than this halting of a funeral procession in front of a jail, and this speaking of politicals through grated cell windows to a great assemblage of weeping men and women gathered about the coffins of men shot to death by the troops of the Czar.

But the Russian people do not confine themselves wholly to peaceable demonstrations of sympathy with the revolutionists. In at least half a dozen recent cases, beginning at St. Petersburg and ending in Orenburg, they have made determined attacks on prisons for the purpose of setting political offenders free, and have been driven away only by the fire of troops. All these manifestations of sympathy—the escorting of exiles from prison to station; the marching of peasants under the red flag; the respect paid to the bodies of the dead who "have fallen in the fight;" the attacks on local Bastilles; and the singing of the Marseillaise and the "Whirlwind of Wrath" by thousands of excited citizens in the streets—all are new phenomena in Russia, and all seem to me to indicate that, for the first time in the struggle for liberty, the active revolutionists have popular support. In the '70s and the '80s the great mass of the Russian people regarded the so-called "nihilists" with indifference, if not with disapproval and dislike. Very few muzhiks took part in political agitation, and among the exiles in Siberia the gentlemen outnumbered the peasants in the proportion of at least twenty to one. Such is no longer the case. In Russian prisons and places of exile peasants are now in the majority, and hundreds of them are arrested every week.

The Czar's "freedom manifesto" of October 30, 1905, led the common people to believe that they were going to have something to say about their own affairs; the election campaign and the organization of the Duma gave them a reason for holding meetings; and they began to take a real personal interest in the political life of the State. Now, the bureaucratic reaction, the arrests, the "pogroms,"[1] the whips of the Cossacks, and the firing of the police on unarmed and peaceable crowds in hundreds of towns and villages, have filled them with indignation, and they are beginning to show fight. How far they will go in their opposition to the bureaucracy, and how many of them will take part in a revolutionary or terroristic campaign, no one can predict; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that because they have thus far taken the dissolution of the Duma quietly they are indifferent to that event. The hundreds of thousands of men—perhaps one might say without

[1] The word "pogrom" means literally "destruction," "devastation," and it is used in Russia to designate an attack or raid made upon a class of people, or a part of a town, by an armed mob. The massacre of Jews in Kishinev, for example, was a "pogrom." The "Black Companies," with the aid or sympathy of the police, have organized scores of pogroms in Russia in the past year, and the victims of them have always been politicals or Jews. They are described by the bureaucracy as uprisings of loyal citizens against traitors, and they are probably an invention of the late Minister of the Interior Von Plehve. The most noteworthy and terrible of them were the pogroms in Kishinev, Tomsk, Simbirsk, Murom, Penza, and Vologda.

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exaggeration the millions of men—who have taken part in political strikes, who have held countless meetings in country villages, who have sent petition after petition and protest after protest to their representatives in the Duma, who have attacked the estates of landed proprietors, and who have carried on a bloody war with the police for six or eight months, are not indifferent. There is a temporary lull now, but it is by no means a sign of acquiescence or submission. In a thoughtful and temperate editorial upon the situation the latest number of the St. Petersburg Ravenstvo says:

The comparative quiet of the moment is due to the fact that the masses of the people are in an attitude of expectancy. The artisans do not know what their central organizations will decide upon, and the peasants who take an interest in the liberal movement are waiting for instructions from their delegates and other leaders. All feel that it is necessary to be reasonable, and that the questions at issue are too important to be decided without careful reflection. The masses of the people are evidently preparing to act with thoughtfulness and circumspection and to avoid confusion and anarchy. There may be room for differences of opinion with regard to the possibility of conscious and concerted action on the part of the people as a whole; but there is no doubt whatever that this idea of concerted action is becoming very widely prevalent among the masses. To morrow is pregnant with great events; but the calling together of another Duma may stop the progress of the gathering storm.

HENRY SIDGWICK, PHILOSOPHER[1]

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE story of Henry Sidgwick's career, told in detail for the first time in the biographical memoir recently published, has a rich inspirational value for every man and woman who would steadfastly pursue the true in all the changing phenomena of life. England has seldom produced so fine a spirit. Sidgwick was, as George Eliot well said, a man whose friends tacitly expected him to conform to moral standards higher than they themselves could attain. Of a pre-eminently philosophic mind, he was a philosopher, not of the cloister, but of the world. By precept and example there radiated from him an influence that went alike for the ennobling of humanity, the advancement of learning, and the properly directed freedom of individual thought and action. Yet in this country, if not in his own, less is known of his life and works than of the life and works of many a teacher to whom mankind owes a smaller debt of gratitude.

The reason for this is twofold. In the first place, Professor Sidgwick was not the founder of any school of thought, in the accustomed sense of the term. He did not, to borrow the metaphor of his friend the late F. W. H. Myers, bequeath to us his wisdom in the shape of crisp metaphysical bank notes which the universe would ultimately decline to cash. He could not do this for the reason that he was innately so judicial, so open-minded, so quick to perceive the defects of any system, that he found himself unable to adopt the positivistic, one might almost say the partisan, attitude essential to the formulation and propagation of set doctrines. Sweeping statements and broad generalizations were to him abhorrent. It is true that he deemed himself a utilitarian, but his penetrating insight so refined utilitarianism that it lost itself in a lofty idealism remote from the teachings of Bentham and Mill. But if he founded no school, his is the higher distinction of having made plainer the way to the proper examination of the great problems of life, of having emphasized the necessity of drawing fine distinctions and weighing them carefully and conscientiously in the balance of the intellect.

Secondly, the circumstances of his life have militated against his being widely known. Distinctly a public-spirited man and actively identified with many movements, he was identified with none cal-

[1] *Henry Sidgwick.* A Memoir by A. S. and E. M. S. (Arthur Sidgwick and Eleanor Mildred Sidgwick). The Macmillan Company, New York. $4

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culated to give him immediately an international, or even national, reputation. What is still more significant in this connection is the fact that, although a great teacher, he was always primarily a student. On the threshold of his career he was offered and declined a mastership at the famous public school, Rugby. In explaining to his sister the reason for his declination, he used these words: "I *know* my vocation in life to be not teaching but study." This view remained uppermost to the end, and, encouraging it, he became, like Lord Acton, a prodigy of learning. Unlike Lord Acton, fortunately, he has left tangible souvenirs of his labors, especially in his "Methods of Ethics," "Principles of Political Economy," and "Elements of Politics."

Professor Sidgwick was born in 1838, the son of a Yorkshire schoolmaster, and after a few years of private school education entered Rugby in his fifteenth year. "He went rapidly up the school," his biographers tell us, "taking various prizes; and the chief thing in which he differed from the ordinary successful school-boy was his unusually wide reading, his exceptional taste for poetry, and the fact that his talent for mathematics was quite as noticeable as his proficiency in the classical studies. After one year in the sixth, being then seventeen and one month, he defeated all his seniors and took the first exhibition." These triumphs he repeated at Cambridge, whence he graduated in 1859, senior in both the classical and the mathematic tripos and thirty-third Wrangler, being at once elected to a Fellowship in his college. Thus began his long professorial connection with Cambridge, lasting more than forty years, and resulting, for one thing, in a notable expansion of the Cambridge spirit, a breaking down of the barriers that had prevented the University's growth along broad educational lines. Although he had already resolved to make the study of philosophy his life's work, the necessity of earning an income led him to accept a classical lectureship, and this he held until 1867, when the opportunity came of securing a lectureship in what was then known as "moral sciences," embracing logic, psychology, ethics, metaphysics, political economy, and politics. Meanwhile wide reading had raised within his naturally inquiring spirit a host of religious perplexities. Born and reared in the established faith, he began to drift more and more rapidly from the Church, until in 1869 he decided that he could no longer conscientiously subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, and, with the courage of his convictions, resigned his Fellowship, the resignation contributing largely to the abolition of the religious tests two years later. He was not, however, obliged to sever entirely his connection with Cambridge, and now turned his attention to a project that warmly appealed to his generous nature—the extension of the educational facilities of Cambridge to women. The result of his efforts in this direction is seen to-day in Newnham College, of which he was the founder and with which he was identified until his death.

If 1869 was a memorable year in his life, 1874 was no less noteworthy. It was then that his first book, "The Methods of Ethics," was published, and in the same year he definitely entered upon a quest which was constantly to hold his attention with greater intensity—the quest for scientific proof of the survival of human personality after bodily death. In his earliest youth, as is abundantly shown by the letters now published for the first time, "ghost" stories had exercised a strange fascination over him. "I can only assure you," he once told a friend, "that an evening with spirits is as fascinating to me as any novel. I talk with Arabs, Hindus, Spaniards, Counts Cavour, etc. I yield to the belief at the time, and recover my philosophic skepticism next morning." As time progressed and religious doubts waxed greater, he insensibly gave himself more and more to the investigation of those strange occurrences which, reported from time immemorial, have been held by many to possess evidential value in support of the belief that there is life beyond the grave. Presently there grew upon him the conviction that here was a field that science had too long neglected, and that if there be a "superstition of credulity" there may likewise fairly be said to be a "superstition of incredulity." The result to him was the

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forming of a community of interests and activities with other adventurers into the unknown—at first with F. W. H. Myers and Edmund Gurney, and later with the wider circle of charter members of the Society for Psychical Research, of which Professor Sidgwick was himself first president.

"In a starlight walk which I shall not forget," recalled Mr. Myers in his notable tribute of friendship, "In Memory of Henry Sidgwick," "I asked him, almost with trembling, whether he thought that when Tradition, Intuition, Metaphysic, had failed to solve the riddle of the Universe, there was still a chance that from any actual observable phenomena—ghosts, spirits, whatsoever there might be—some valid knowledge might be drawn as to a World Unseen. Already, it seemed, he had thought that this was possible; steadily, though in no sanguine fashion, he indicated some last grounds of hope; and from that night onwards I resolved to pursue this quest, if it might be, at his side."

It would be difficult to find a man better equipped for this perilous inquiry than was Henry Sidgwick. His profound but buoyant skepticism, his subtle, alert, and ingenious mind, his habit of submitting everything to minute analysis, all this co-operated to guard him from the errors of misplaced enthusiasm or dogmatic negation. That strict scientific methods were, at the outset, impressed upon the Society for Psychical Research was in no small degree the effect of his influence and guidance. All of his writings—and their themes vary as his catholicity of interests—bear the same imprint of critical caution. Mr. Bryce has pointed out how, from the standpoint of instruction, this makes his books difficult reading for the beginner, but of the greatest value to the advanced student, who cannot fail to derive from Professor Sidgwick's process of careful sifting and nice balancing of distinctions and qualifications, benefit not merely in respect to the topic under discussion, but to all subjects demanding scrutiny.

Philosopher, psychologist, economist, man of affairs, Professor Sidgwick was also a literary critic of brilliant characteristics. His university duties—particularly after 1883, when he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy—and his devotion to scientific investigation left him little time for the consideration of literature and its representatives. But what he did write on this subject was exceedingly well done. It was Sir Leslie Stephen's opinion, shared by many, that, had he chosen, Professor Sidgwick might have been the first of contemporary critics. As it was, few of the critics of his day excelled him in discrimination of taste and judgment or in exactitude of statement. He wrote slowly and laboriously, sparing no pains to the end that his utterances should express his thought precisely. But with him slow writing did not mean sluggish thinking. On the contrary, his friends—and few men have enjoyed such intimate companionship with so wide a circle of intellectual leaders—bear unanimous testimony to the alertness of his mind. To the last he remained a conversationalist of almost unique gifts.

"In brilliant company," says an anonymous writer in the Cambridge Letter of the Newnham College Club, "he was naturally at his best, but out of the shyest or dullest he managed to elicit something. He got the best out of people that there was. He would take up the most trivial remark, the most unpromising subject, and by an ingenious turn convert it to something of interest, so that the sorriest conversationalist would have a cheered sense of having contributed to the entertainment. 'If you so much as mentioned a *duster* in his presence,' said some one, 'he would glorify it on the spot.'" His nephew, A. C. Benson, the son of Archbishop Benson, similarly avers that "I always felt my uncle to be the best talker I ever met. It used to delight me, when he joined our own home circle, where the conversation was apt to run on ecclesiastical lines, to watch the adroit and yet perfectly simple way in which he would follow technical questions, and throw a new light upon them; but the real charm consisted in a mixture of sympathy and humility. He received—I am speaking of quite early days—one's halting contributions to a subject with a serious courtesy, and often gave the remark a

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deft twist which gave it a distinguished air."

The end came for this truly remarkable man in August, 1900. He had been warned a few months earlier that he stood face to face with death, and he awaited the inevitable with patient and hopeful resignation. "Life is very strange now," he wrote to Myers, "very terrible; but I try to meet it like a man, my beloved wife aiding me. I hold on —or try to hold on—to duty and love; and through love to touch the larger hope." And to Sir George Trevelyan: "If it should be farewell, think of me as one to whom your friendship has been an unfailing source of delight and profit for more than forty years, and who knows that you forgive him if he has ever unintentionally offended you in anything. My thoughts go back to the old days when we walked round the cloisters and talked of life and the spirit in which it should be lived. You have fulfilled your promise better than I; and I pray that you may have the serene old age that I have vainly hoped for myself. Good-by, dear friend!"

Among his last words were, "We must idealize or we should cease to struggle." Surely the influence of such a man on the life of his country and the thought of the world shall not soon pass away.

Comment on Current Books

Ann Boyd While this story has less of humor and quaintness than some of Mr. Harben's other tales of northern Georgia, it has the same fidelity to the homely, rough, and quaint life of the interesting section in which Mr. Harben's characters live. Moreover, it has a poignant human motive. At first through her own sin, but for many years because of the hateful lies of an enemy, Ann has become shunned by all the people round about her, and is even obliged to undergo public insult from the minister when she returns to church after many years of absence. But she has prospered amazingly in worldly matters, and has therefore a good store of ammunition with which to fight her enemies. In the end, however, love, pity, and forgiveness, brought about naturally and simply, take the place of hatred, and both those who have loved her and those who have hated her benefit by her change in character. The story is injured by the tendency of the characters to excessive monologue. (Ann Boyd. By Will N. Harben. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.)

The Balance of Power There is something about this novel which isolates it at once from the mass of mediocre fiction. It deals with a factory situation and the rise of a strong young man whose ability is characterized by the word "inevitable;" but the excellence of the book is in its fiber (which leads us to look with much interest for further work from the same pen), and a statement of the plot conveys but little. As a love story it is thoroughly fine; there is a quality in the sentiment which immediately arrests the attention, but the execution is decidedly open to criticism. It would seem that the author had not mastered the craft of story-telling. Especially in the first three or four chapters, the reader's mind is thrown into constant confusion, in spite of the fact that a certain strength and sincerity have captured his interest. The novel is overcrowded. There is excellent material, but too much of it. Yet there are evidences of marked ability—occasional touches which reveals the fine creative instinct. (The Balance of Power. By Arthur Goodrich. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. $1.50.)

The Distractions of Martha This is an amusing account of the experiences of a young housewife. Miss Martha Burr, competent and successful schoolmistress, becomes Mrs. John Purcell in chapter one, and is initiated into the profession of home-making. "The first canto of the domestic idyll" proves that a perfectly logical theory of housekeeping, worked out in books or classes, is sometimes found wanting in the kitchen. For instance, the fire fails to kindle, though "laid inductively" and "rationally ignited." The various cook-book combinations contain all sorts of disappointments and surprises. And the young husband (who rates his wife as his intellectual superior in every way) is human and is sometimes hungry, in spite of a love that pardons every error. The book is full of familiar situations, and the reader, if she is a housewife, will find rest from her own domestic trials in

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several hours of sympathetic communion with young Mrs. John Purcell. (The Distractions of Martha. By Marion Harland. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.)

English Colored Books

By this title the author means, of course, English books with colored illustrations. He has studied this interesting subject thoroughly, and tells the history of the advance in methods and processes of color printing with great thoroughness, although perhaps with a little too much detail to hold the attention of the ordinary reader. From the point of view of the bibliographer and the printer the volume could hardly be improved. It includes the names of artists and engravers who worked on all of the many books described, and in this and in other ways will prove of special value as a reference volume. As is fitting, the book is given every advantage of presswork, typography, and illustration. Non-experts as well as experts will look with decided enjoyment at the large number of beautifully printed full-page color illustrations. These present examples of color printing, running from 1486 (in which year appeared the "Book of Saint Albans," which is not only one of the earliest books printed in England, but contains the first and decidedly an isolated example of color printing in an English book), down to the charming work of Kate Greenaway, Walter Crane, and other artists of our time. (English Coloured Books. By Martin Hardie. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $6.75.)

The Guarded Flame

The most difficult task confronting Mr. Maxwell in "The Guarded Flame" is the establishing of Burgoyne's greatness. Burgoyne is the central figure, a scientific genius of the nineteenth century, and the fact of his genius determines the course of the story and the final solution of the plot. For several chapters the reader is somewhat puzzled; is the writer making fun of Richard Burgoyne? There is certainly a satirical touch. Yet every evidence of the man's real greatness is presented: the testimony of his contemporaries, the profound devotion of his intimates. And he is endowed with various traits of character commonly associated with genius and not talent, such as simplicity and a universal kindliness based on an understanding of humanity. But in the atmosphere which surrounds him there is something excessive and sentimental. The statement of his greatness is reiterated until it becomes almost intolerable. His guarded egotism gradually strengthens the reader's antagonism. He is clearly "the guarded flame;" but the title has a further significance, which will be seen in a brief statement of the plot. Richard Burgoyne has married a young wife; for eleven years she has lived in the shadow of his greatness (to fall into the manner of the book), during which time she has absolutely consecrated herself to the protection of his genius. At this point the household is somewhat transformed by the introduction of two young persons, one a niece of the scientist, the other an average young man, his secretary or assistant. It will be seen that young Mrs. Burgoyne, robbed of that emotional experience which should have come in youth, is, by a different principle, "the guarded flame." The inevitable happens. But the moral equilibrium of the story is preserved, and it gains in strength as it proceeds to a final solution. (The Guarded Flame. By W. B. Maxwell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Max Fargus

This is a story which concerns itself with characters so degraded, a phase of life so sordid, that there is little excuse for its presentation unless for the purpose of working out some human principle. As it stands it is a picture of depravity and simply that, clever enough in workmanship, but lacking in motive. Max Fargus, keeper of oyster-houses, is deceived into marrying a certain Sheila Vaughan, who with the lawyer Boffinger is plotting for the old man's money. Fargus finally revenges himself upon the conspirators, who are treacherous even to one another. The style is rapid and consistent throughout, and the reader's curiosity is well manipulated, but the elements of ugliness are unrelieved. Because none of the characters inspire pity, the action is in no sense tragic—to make use of a very old bit of dramatic philosophy. (Max Fargus. By Owen Johnson. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.50.)

Mr. Pickwick's Christmas

It was a capital idea to extract from the "Pickwick Papers" those famous and jolly chapters relating to the Christmas spent by Mr. Pickwick and his friends at Manor Farm. The only wonder is that the idea has not been carried out before this. The publishers have made a handsome quarto of the book, neatly and tastefully decorated, and notably and naturally well suited for holiday purposes. The illustrations, by Mr. George Alfred Williams, are both in color and in line. They seem to us to catch admirably the spirit of the subject and at the same time to avoid imitation of the many previous illustrators of Pickwick. (Mr. Pickwick's Christmas. By Charles

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Dickens. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $2.)

A Midsummer Day's Dream A party of congenial and charming people meet at an English country house to rehearse and at the end act "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in a beautiful out-of-door setting. Everything conduces to romance, and the author carries on with delicate comedy and skillful manipulation the rather intricate threads of flirtation and mystification which lead to a cheerful and happy end. The chief criticism that one is inclined to make is that the situation is dwelt upon a little too long and that the story would have left a better impression if it had been considerably shortened. (A Midsummer Day's Dream. By H. B. Marriott Watson. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Moon Face This is a collection of short stories which have all of Mr. London's recognized vigor and originality. They relate chiefly to subjects of a grimly tragical kind, and sometimes deal with the supernatural or gruesome. (Moon Face. By Jack London. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Nature Notes and Impressions These prose fragments and poems are the impressions of a temperament refined and delicate. Mr. Cawein is especially sensitive to a kind of decorative loveliness, the intricate detail of nature, and he records it subtly, faithfully, turning constantly to the vocabulary of art in his effort to express accurate distinctions in form and color. He is a painter of beautiful surfaces, delighting in colors, textures, the quality of iridescence, all that is exquisite to the objective mind. But his impressions are curiously unmodified by either philosophy or passion. Nature is to him a manifestation of pure beauty; it is not a stimulus to imaginative thought. He is not haunted, as Wordsworth was, by a sense of its profound significance. His picture is never confused by the experience of emotion, an impulse which rejects details at times because it seeks the expression of something felt, not seen. The volume opens with the impressions of the poet as a high-school boy, and these, whether in prose or verse, have that quality of distinction which characterize the later work. But then as later there is a lack of metrical spontaneity which marks the poet's limitation. The style is always careful, conscious, never pressed into the service of any sudden impulse. In other words, the work of Mr. Cawein is not distinctly lyric, although the verse has rhythmic charm. (Nature Notes and Impressions. By Madison Cawein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50, net.)

The Praises of Warwickshire To most American travelers Warwickshire means Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, Leamington, Warwick, and possibly Coventry. But Shakespeare's county abounds in other places of historic interest or natural charm. To name almost at a venture a few delightful spots with quaint names, there are Henley-in-Arden, Newnham Paddox, Maxstoke Priory, Compton Wyngates, Abbots Salford, and many another river-nestled village, ancient manor-house, and romantic castle. To see Warwickshire aright, a residence of as many months as most people spend days is requisite. For driving, cycling (in England the bicycle has by no means gone out, as any one can testify who on a bank holiday goes into the country), or, best of all, for walking, there is no more picturesque English county, and many of the most pleasing scenes are off the highroads and reached through lanes where no motor-car passes. The beauties of Warwickshire are attractively presented to the eye in this volume through the reproduction in color of seventy-five water-color paintings by Mr. F. Whitehead, which may be cordially praised, with a special word of commendation for the artist's restraint in color-effects. The text is by Mr. Clive Holland, who knows and loves his subject, and deals with both its historic and romantic sides thoroughly and agreeably. (Warwickshire: Painted by Frederick Whitehead, R.A. Described by Clive Holland. The Macmillan Company, New York. $6.)

The Upper Hand A somewhat sensational but original plot is here told with some vigor in the writing but with little charm or literary grace. (The Upper Hand. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The Victoria Cross Certainly a good idea for a boy's book is this of narrating the stories of exploits by which the Victoria Cross has been won by soldier heroes. Some thirty of these narratives are included in this volume, and the number might have been largely increased, as is shown by an appendix giving a list of all the recipients of the Victoria Cross. The first crosses were bestowed for acts of heroism in 1854, in the Crimean War, but the first actual presentation of a cross took place at the end of the Crimean War in 1857. It is said that the Charge of the Light Brigade inspired the idea of the Victoria Cross. Altogether, 522 men have been decorated by this cross, and some two hundred of these

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are alive at the present time. Mr. Haydon relates the stories of the many deeds of heroism with spirit and in a way to interest all boy readers. (The Book of the V. C. Compiled by A. L. Haydon. Andrew Melrose, London, England.)

A Whimsey Anthology Miss Wells quotes the dictionary definition of a whimsey as "a freak, a capricious notion, an odd device." Examples of every variety included in this definition and of many others may be found in this collection of queer things in rhyme—travesties, acrostics, limericks, lipograms, macaronics, chain-verses, and alphabetical and typographical curiosities are among the number. (A Whimsey Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.)

Witch's Gold This story by Mr. Hamlin Garland, beautifully bound and printed, is a new version of "The Spirit of Sweetwater," published in 1898. The central characters are a pretty, consumptive girl seeking salvation in the Western climate and a sturdy young miner who falls in love with her and helps to deliver her from the captivity of her illness. There is nothing unusual in the plot, but the theme is so handled as to reveal a serious principle. The girl has lost her vital grasp—yielded her whole mentality to a belief in her own doom. And the anxiety and apprehension of those about her further sustain the morbid idea of disease. At this point she is brought into contact with the normal principle of life through the personality of the young miner, whose health and mental poise are one. The man's experiences have left him elemental; his intuitions are unspoiled, and, rejecting the necessity of disease, he refreshes and restores a mind depressed by sickness. It is the very old story of deliverance through love, but it presents a principle of mental causation which is encroaching more and more upon material theories. Whether Mr. Garland has bettered his original story in this new version is an open question. The earlier story is more artistic in construction and an adequate development of the same theme. (Witch's Gold. By Hamlin Garland. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.)

Letters to The Outlook

OUR TARIFF AND THE POOR OF OTHER LANDS

In order to assist some of the poor women of Armenia in earning a few cents daily, that they might keep themselves and their children above the point of actual starvation, Mrs. C. D. Ussher, Missionary of the American Board at Van, Turkey, a few months ago began to teach these poor ones the making of delicate and beautiful lace. The care and the work involved have been very great, but the effort has proved a success. A market has been found for this rare Oriental product, benevolent ladies both in Europe and America gladly helping on the enterprise. And were it not for the tariff duties laid upon such goods when brought into the United States, the misssonaries at Van could not only help the poor, starving people there to live, but could also furnish some part of the means necessary for the prosecution of further benevolent work among them. For instance, Dr. Ussher is seeking aid for the proper furnishing of a hospital which he has built. But now it is impossible to receive beyond the most meager profit, if indeed anything at all, on the lace sold in this country. A shipment of one hundred dollars' worth has just been taken from the custom-house in New York, and for the privilege of doing this *sixty dollars has been paid to the Government of the United States.* No one would ever undertake to make such lace in this country, on account of the cost of labor. Comment is unnecessary.

JOHN OTIS BARROWS.

Stonington, Connecticut.

BOOKS ON SOCIALISM

In giving a list of books on Socialism you cite chiefly the works of unfriendly critics of the movement, or at least of those who are not avowed Socialists. Would not simple justice seem to require that the writings of the Socialists themselves be read also? If one would inform himself as to the relative merits of Java and Blue Mountain coffees, he would not apply for information solely to manufacturers of substitutes.

If your correspondent will write to Charles H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, a catalogue of Socialistic literature will be sent.

Personally, I should like to suggest Mr. Spargo's little book on "Socialism," Ghent's "Mass and Class," "The Fabian Essays" by English writers, Marx's great epoch-making book "Capital," "Studies in Socialism" by Jaurès; and, for the evolution of the idea of brotherhood as reflected in the realm of

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literature, Vida D. Scudder's charming volume, "Social Ideals in English Letters." These six books, all of which are printed in English, will furnish, from the German, English, French, and American view-points, an adequate introduction to the subject which more and more is compelling the attention of the world. CHARLES E. BEALS.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[We give our readers this additional information. Our correspondent is, however, mistaken as to the character of the six books recommended in our editorial paragraph. Not one of them is distinctively anti-Socialistic. For that purpose Professor Flint's "Socialism" is the best authority to consult. Of the volumes suggested by us for examination, two are favorable to Socialism, two are encyclopædic, and two are interpretations of the teaching of Jesus Christ on social topics, and are written neither to advocate nor to condemn Socialism.—THE EDITORS.]

CO-OPERATION THE WAY OUT

Your comments on Dr. Carroll D. Wright's "Battles of Labor" and Professor John Ryan's "The Living Wage" interest me deeply, as do all The Outlook's discussions of economic questions. I am an admirer of Canon Kingsley, and only this summer have carefully gone over "Alton Locke," and I feel that we are fast approaching the condition in regard to labor depicted so graphically there.

I would like to state a view for your criticism or that of your readers. It is substantially this:

Capital is past labor; labor is future capital. They are convertible and can be measured by a common unit—the dollar. The strife between labor and capital will disappear as their practical identity is appreciated.

Let me illustrate by a concrete case. Suppose Brown puts $100,000 into the manufacture of pens. Smith invests $50,000 and accepts the presidency of the concern at $10,000 a year. Jones subscribes $25,000 and gets $5,000 a year as secretary. White pays $15,000 and gets $3,000 as treasurer, while Field puts in $10,000 and receives $2,000 as manager.

The five named who invest $200,000, and four of whom receive $20,000 in annual salaries, employ ten men at $5 a day, twenty men at $3, and forty men at $1.50. These men work 300 days in the year. Wages then amount to $15,000, $18,000, and $18,000 in these three grades of labor, or to $51,000.

In the spirit of fraternalism the partners propose to share profits or losses of the business at the end of each year in proportion to the investment of money or labor.

Capital invested amounts to	$200,000
Salaries amount to	20,000
Wages amount to	51,000
Total values	$271,000

The net profits are divided by 271,000, and each of the seventy-five men who have contributed to the success of the firm draws his proportionate share. Let us suppose a dividend of ten per cent. is declared.

Brown receives	$10,000
Smith receives	6,000
Jones receives	3,000
White receives	1,800
Field receives	1,200
Each of the ten receives	150
Each of the twenty receives	90
Each of the forty receives	45

Will not the payment of $5,100 to the wage-earners of $51,000 be more than compensated by the feeling that the laborer is a profit-sharer?

I maintain that the end to be sought in our industrial life is co-operation or profit-sharing, and the means to attain this end is publicity. Let the man who contributes a dollar's worth of work receive his per cent. of the actual profit as well as the man who invests a dollar in money, and strikes and strife will disappear. The secrecy of the capitalist in regard to his profits arouses the suspicion of the laborer. Competition is passing, combination is present, co-operation is pressing us toward fraternalism.

C. S. HARTWELL.

CHILDREN'S COURTS

In the September number of the Juvenile Court Record there appears an article, entitled "Children's Rights," which seems to have been copied from your valuable magazine. The article says of the Children's or Juvenile Court that it was "first instituted in Chicago, it is now instituted in forty cities of twenty-two different States, has sprung up in Europe, and in far-off Australia has already achieved signal success." Believing that you wish to have the facts correctly, I beg to say that the Children's Court was not first instituted in Chicago. Massachusetts passed the first law for a Juvenile Court some thirty-odd years ago, but, except in the city of Boston, it was to a great extent inoperative.

In 1892 the Legislature of the State of New York passed a law establishing Children's Courts (Laws of 1892, Chapter 217). This was not a mandatory statute. It was followed in the year 1896 by an amendment (Chapter 414 of the Laws of 1896). In the year 1901 an amendment to the Charter of the City of New York (Laws of 1901, Chapter 466, Sec. 1399) provided for the estab-

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lishment of a Children's Court in that city in a separate building entirely distinct from any other criminal court; but an appropriation could not then be obtained from the city authorities, and the law did not then go into effect. In 1902 (Chapter 590 of the Laws of 1902) there was a further amendment to the City Charter, and in the same year a Children's Court in a separate and distinct building was established in the city of New York, Borough of Manhattan, and known as the Court of Special Sessions, First Division, Children's Part. Subsequently there was established in the Borough of Brooklyn, city of New York, a Children's Part of the Court of Special Sessions, Second Division. The law providing for a Juvenile Court in Chicago was not passed until 1896, some four years after the movement began in the State of New York. Australia, which you speak of, had a Children's Court before any were established in the United States except in Massachusetts. The work in New York has been to a large extent the model for the movement abroad looking toward the establishment of Children's Courts. In France they have a probation system copied from that in New York, and in England a bill was introduced in the last Parliament to establish a Children's Court, but failed to pass. By direction of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Children's Courts are held in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork.

I recently spent three months abroad visiting England, Scotland, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, meeting there the people who are interested in Children's Court and probation work, and on my return to New York sent to them many documents bearing on these subjects. I have no doubt that within the next five years Children's Courts will be general throughout the countries named, directly owing their origin to the State and city of New York. The people particularly interested were the representatives of our sister societies, which now exist in almost every country in the world, the New York society being the parent of all.

Now a word in reference to the Juvenile Improvement Association. There is at the present time a federation of most of the children and animal societies in this country known as the American Humane Association. It has the facilities for doing just the work that the other association would do. There is also an international society known as the International Congress for the welfare and protection of children, which will hold a meeting during the coming year in Berlin, Germany. Representatives from this country will attend. Therefore there is now both a national and an international society, and why should any other be organized? Should not funds that may be subscribed for this purpose be given to existing organizations, particularly the American Humane Association, which was organized in 1877, and has since been actively at work to better the condition of humanity? There is also the American Humane Education Society of Boston, Massachusetts, and the New York State Humane Education Committee, both duly incorporated for the purpose of promulgating humane doctrines and distributing humane literature, which should be liberally supported. The multiplication of such societies is of no practical value, and would only serve to create friction and clashes. There is no necessity for the Children's Bureau mentioned. All that the Children's Bureau could do in the shape of collecting statistics, etc., could be done by the Census Bureau with the addition of a few clerks; whereas such a Bureau as proposed would entail an expense to the Government of about $70,000, with no adequate return.

E. FELLOWS JENKINS,
Secretary and Superintendent.

The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

BOTH DIAMOND AND SEED

I hope I am not too late in sending a few words of comment on a recent editorial in The Outlook as to Christianity being either "a diamond" or "a seed." My only claim for consideration is your assertion that "Catholic" tradition says it is a diamond.

First, then, as to its being a diamond. In respect of the infinitely precious and complete gift of Christ—whole Christ—to the world, it *is* a diamond.

In respect, however, of Christ himself being life in himself, and of the continuous development of our apprehension of him, Christianity is a seed—a living seed.

Both sides are true, and there ought to be no antithesis between both conceptions. In Catholic theology and in Catholic tradition and life both are found. Any well-informed teacher of Christianity—no matter what he may call himself—ought to be willing to defend each idea against any who would narrow it down to the other alone. You have no right whatever to say that Canon Liddon held to the "diamond" theory. It is mere assumption on your part that he did not hold the other along with it. It all depends on the point of view.

CHARLES F. SWEET.

Tokyo, Japan.

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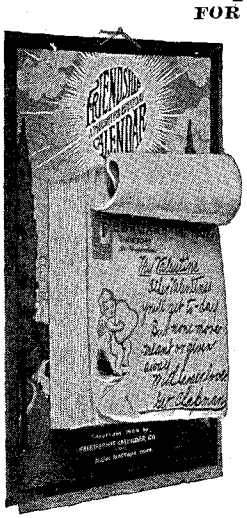

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